

McLean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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VOL. XLVIII

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1911

NO. 45

JOE ZAFFINO WAS CAPTURED AT ST. MARYS.

He Killed Peter Marino At Clermont Last Week.

NOW IN JAIL AT SMETHPORT.

He Has Confessed to the Killing But Claims It Was In Self Defense—Detective Jones Brought Him In This Morning—Pointed Out by Friends of Murdered Man and Arrested by State Police.

Joe Zaffino, the Italian who shot and killed Peter Marino at Clermont on Tuesday of last week is now in jail at this place awaiting a hearing for murder, which will be held before Justice Gleason of this place at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. He was arrested at St. Marys yesterday and brought here by Detective Jones this morning.

Of his capture the Bradford Era this morning says. Zaffino lives at Straight, Pa., and after the tragedy at Clermont, he went into the woods about that place and until yesterday had succeeded in evading the county authorities and the members of the state constabulary who had been watching for him.

Yesterday he left the woods and went to St. Marys, which act proved to be his undoing. When a Pennsylvania passenger train stopped at the St. Marys station during the afternoon two Italians from Clermont stepped from the train. They were in St. Marys looking for work.

As the two Clermont men passed through the depot they were surprised to see Zaffino there as if waiting for a train. The two men found an officer of the Pennsylvania state police and Zaffino into custody. County Detective Jones was notified and that official reached St. Marys last evening and will accompany his prisoner to the county jail today.

Zaffino acknowledged that he was the man wanted and he said that the shooting at Clermont resulted from a fight over the ownership of an umbrella. The prisoner claims that Marino was about to kill him when the fatal shot was fired, and the murder was committed in self-defense.

The prisoner is about 30 years of age and is a fairly intelligent looking fellow.

LOCAL ELECTIONS.

Officers Elected in Smethport Borough and Keating Township.

Below we give the local ticket in Smethport borough and Keating township with the vote each individual candidate received. Those marked with a star (*) thus are elected:

Smethport Borough

Councilmen.

*L. Raymer, R., 234.
Leo Herzog, R., 182.
*C. L. Irons, R., 168; D., 42
*Geo. W. Brennan, D., 191.
J. R. McCarty, D., 99.

Auditor.

*John A. Karlin, R., 158; P., 15.
Alf. G. Bush, D., 106.

Constable.

*U. H. Foote, R., 218; D., 44.

Judge of Election.

*A. H. Kidder, R., 225.
E. T. Daly, D., 107.

Inspector of Election.

*F. D. Cummings, R., 229.

*G. B. Barbour, D., 68; P., 24.

School Directors, 2 Years.

*Guy McCord, R., 221; P., 21.

*H. H. Redfield, R., 199.

Warley Gifford, D., 150; P., 24.

School Directors, 4 Years.

*F. D. Gallup, R., 242.

D. C. Young, R., 152.

*John Clark, D., 184.

School Director, 6 Years.

W. F. Specht, R., 200; P., 17.

James B. McGowan, D., 106.

Keating Township.

Justice of the Peace.

*O. T. Chase, R., 155.

Allan Oviatt, D., 87; K., 36.

Supervisor.

J. V. Gallup, R., 133.

*E. B. McKean, D., 105; K., 40.

*School Directors, 2 Years.

*D. L. Haven, R., 154; K., 83.

*A. L. Gallup, R., 133.

Geo. Neill, D., 83.

*School Directors, 4 Years.

*H. M. Digel, R., 104; D., 70; P., 17.

C. O. Hadsell, R., 93.

*W. L. Burdick, D., 99; K., 46.

School Director, 6 Years.

*James Hray, R., 123; P., 34; K., 53.

Auditor.

*F. L. Connor, R., 181.

Constable.

*A. G. Farley, R., 101; D., 123; K., 43.

*Asst. Assessor, 1st District.

*Frank Thornton, R., 68; D., 23.

*Judge of Election, 1st Dist.

J. H. Stull, R., 44.

*B. B. Pierce, D., 39; K., 17.

*Inspector of Election, 1st Dist.

*J. E. Stull, R., 35.

*S. D. Crawford, D., 57.

*Asst. Assessor, 2nd District.

*Leon Curtis, R., 45; D., 30; K., 15.

*Judge of Election, 2nd District.

*Asa Champlin, R., 48; D., 22; P., 10.

*Inspector of Election, 2nd District.

*W. P. Beckwith, R., 47; P., 13.

*L. A. Patterson, D., 34.

*Asst. Assessor, 3rd District.

*A. Wicks, R., 38.

*Judge of Election, 3rd District.

*James Carter, R., 54.

*Inspector of Election, 3rd District.

*A. Wicks, R., 50.

*C. E. Nier, D., 18.

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

At the Baptist Church, Smethport, Commencing Nov. 9.

Evangelist J. Booth will speak every evening at 7:45 o'clock, commencing Nov. 9. Subjects to be presented every evening and Sunday.

Thursday, "Christianity Not Doomed."

Friday, "Where Did Cain Get His Wife?"

Saturday, "Man Come by Chance."

Sunday, 10:30, "The Lack of Christianity at Smethport."

Sunday, 7:45, "Woman, God's Great Masterpiece, and Three Things She Doesn't Know." The above is an extremely strong sermon and should be heard by every woman in Smethport regardless of creed or age.

Monday, "Man Not a Machine."

Tuesday, "Hell a Prepared Place."

Wednesday, "Old Soldiers and Their Friends."

Thursday, "What is the Soul?"

Friday, "Man Made Over Again."

Saturday, "Christ Our Mighty Victor."

Sunday, 10:30, "God's Patience."

Sunday, 7:30, "The Encouraged Sinner."

All are invited to come and bring your neighbors.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending November 4, 1911:

Anderson, Mrs. Olive
France, Ethel P.
Ward, Mr. M. C.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertisement.
J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

THE BATTLE OF BALLOTS ON TUESDAY

Whole Republican Ticket, Except Sheriff Elected.

MAJORITY UPWARDS OF 1000.

Melvin, Starsky, Choate, Eastman, Foster, Wilson, Anderson, Marsh, Abbey and Abbott Republican Victors—Bain Elected Sheriff, Cory County Commissioner and Burdick Auditor of the Democratic-Keystone Party.

Tuesday, generally speaking, was a Republican day. Despite what his heretofore been said about the Democratic-Keystone combination sweeping the county this fall, every Republican on the ticket with the exception of John A. Peterson, the candidate for sheriff, was elected by a wholesome majority, ranging from seven hundred to fifteen hundred.

This is the ticket selected by the voters of this county on Tuesday last: County Treasurer—C. C. Melvin, of Bradford, Republican.

Sheriff—Matthew C. Bain, of Bradford, Democratic-Keystone.

Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, of Smethport, Republican.

Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate, of Smethport, Republican.

Register of Wills, Etc.—John B. Eastman, of Smethport, Republican.

Democrat and Keystone.

Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, of Smethport, Republican.

District Attorney—Thomas B. Wilson, of Bradford, Republican, Democrat and Prohibition.

Comptroller—E. R. Sherman, of Bradford, Republican.

County Commissioners—A. R. Anderson, of Clermont, and A. M. Marsh, of Bradford Township, Republicans, and A. R. Cory, of Keating township, Democrat-Keystone.

County Auditors—A. A. Abbey of Smethport, and J. E. Abbot of Bradford, Republicans, and F. A. Burdick, of Keating township, Democrat-Keystone.

For further particulars as to how the voting was done we refer our readers to the tabulated ballot on this page. This table is unofficial and subject to some minor changes when the official count is made. Owing to the fact that John B. Eastman and Thomas B. Wilson had no opposition their vote was not taken in the telephone and open returns from many of the districts and therefore it is left out entirely in this table. Otherwise the table is reasonably correct and the best that can be furnished until after the official count is made.

PETER McNALLY DEAD.

He Expired Suddenly on Sunday as He Foretold He Would.

When Peter McNally, an old pump-er, 50 years old, at Oakdale, went down to Coraopolis Friday to spend a day and night with his sister, Mrs. J. T. O'Reilly, he expressed the fear that he might be going to his death. Yesterday morning he died of internal hemorrhages in the P. & L. E. depot soon after he stepped from the train that had brought him from his sister's home.

Asthma had been a chronic complaint of Mr. McNally for several years. As he started for his sister's residence Friday, he spoke of the morning fogs in the lowlands along the rivers and of the manner in which they aggravated his trouble. It was these fogs that started him to coughing, finally resulting in the rupture of a blood vessel. His body was removed to the morgue and Mrs. O'Reilly was notified. She arrived in the afternoon and identified the dead man as her brother.

McNally left the home of his sister about 10 o'clock yesterday morning. Arriving at the Pittsburgh station he stepped from the train and fell in sight of several people. He was carried into the waiting room, where he died. When a physician arrived he pronounced death due to an internal hemorrhage, superinduced by the rupture of a blood vessel, caused by asthma.—Pittsburgh Post.

Peter McNally was born in Annin township and spent his early life in that vicinity, where he has many friends. He is survived by three sons, Leo of Pasadena, Cal., who is a mechanic for C. P. Rodgers in the flying machine business and is now with him in his transcontinental flight; Bernard of Chicago, and Chestleigh of Lockport, N. Y.; one daughter, Miss Marie Purdie of this place; one brother, Robert McNally of Port Allegany, and five sisters, Mrs. George Logue and Mrs. John T. O'Reilly of Coraopolis, Pa., Mrs. Maurice Houghill of Rixford, and Mrs. T. H. Purdie and Mrs. Lottie Andrews of this place.

His remains were brought here on Monday and the funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Tuesday morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating. His remains were taken to Sartwell for burial.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

Store and Flat for Sale.

My Store and Large flat on Mechanic street, possession given on a week's notice. For particulars inquire of or address.

—MRS. M. L. ARMSTRONG.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY AT BRADFORD.

Italians Holdup Polish Laborer Last Saturday Night.

TWO OF THE ITALIANS CAPTURED.

One of the Four Poles Who Were Heldup Was Shot and May Die—Another Was Shot in the Leg—The Bandits Got Little Money—One is Still at Liberty.

A daring attempt at highway robbery was committed in this city between 10 and 11 o'clock Saturday evening which may develop into a murder, says the Bradford Era of Monday. Four Polish laborers who are employed at the new reservoir were held up by three Italian laborers employed at the same place, two of the victims are in the hospital suffering from gunshot wounds. The third man sustained bad bruises on his face and about his body. He is being detained at the police station as a witness. The fourth man took to his heels and escaped from the robbers during the attack.

The Injured:

Mike Hodowski, shot through the left shoulder and in the back. Condition serious.

Louis Czaska, shot through the right leg, between the knee and hip.

Both of the men are in the care of Dr. J. B. Stewart at the hospital. The bullet from a revolver which was shot into Czaska's leg became lodged in the fleshy part and was removed by Dr. Stewart soon after the man reached the hospital. Last night the two bullets were still in Hodowski's body. The one which entered the shoulder took a downward course while the other entered the back to one side of the spine. So far as known neither of the bullets struck a vital part.

Paul Czaska, a brother of Louis Czaska, was the one who was brutally beaten by a club in the hands of one of the hold-up men. Steve Morsowski, the fourth in the party, escaped.

All of the parties involved in the affray were employed at the reservoir and the would-be bandits knew that the Poles had considerable money, it being their pay day.

The Polish party came to Bradford and had their checks cashed and made some purchases. On account of the large amount of money in their possession, the men left the greater part with a local store keeper for safe keeping.

It appears that while the men were going from one store to another Saturday afternoon and evening, the Italians were watching them. When the

Poles left for their shanty at the reservoir, the Italians followed and when at a point on the old A. & K. tracks above the Kent lumber yard, there was a hold-up. First the Italians asked the Polish party how much money they had in their possession. One man replied that he had \$3; another \$1.50, and the third \$1.

One of the Italians who was described as being very dark complexioned, refused to believe the stories of the men relative to the amount on their persons and at the same time the Italian who had been doing the talking, struck Paul Czaska on the head with a club. There was a fight immediately. One of the other Italians commenced to shoot. The two men mentioned above then received their wounds. The Polish workmen submitted to a search of their clothing at the point of the revolver and the Italians got away with an amount less than \$10. The club used was a heavy stick of green sapling cut to about the size and weight of a baseball bat. It was heavy and a blow from the weapon was sufficient to knock a man out, temporarily at least. After committing the robbery, the Italians left the scene and the four Polish workmen came to Bradford and notified the police. None of those in the party was able to talk English and it was necessary to secure the services of an interpreter.

After learning the story of the highway robbery the police went to work on the case.

With some information, the police found that a couple of Italians had been to the Erie depot and had left their baggage there ready to take an early train out of the city. They proposed to buy tickets to New York and leave on the Erie train leaving at 6:15 a. m. and would go to the old country.

Sunday morning just before train time Captain Foust and the police walked into the baggage room at the Erie station and there found Dominick Ceger and Garzona Arsona, two Italians who had made their plans to leave the city. Both were taken into custody and locked in the city prison. Ceger had a .32 calibre revolver in his possession. It was loaded and he had extra cartridges in his pocket. Garmona Arsona, the other man in custody, it is claimed, used the club. The third Italian was last evening missing. He was known to have had a razor.

The two men in custody were taken to the hospital and there positively identified as two of the men who were in the mixup. Paul Czaska and Steve Maczkowiak also both identified the prisoners. The men who escaped with minor injuries claim that Ceger had the gun and that he did the shooting. Arsona used the club.

As soon as the extent of the crime became known, District Attorney Mayo and County Detective Jones of Smethport, were notified and they arrived in the city during Sunday afternoon. The district attorney at once went to work on the case with the assistance of the county detective and the local police.

It was reported last evening that Dominick Ceger, one of the prisoners, had been discharged by the foreman of the reservoir construction work. He had not worked at the reservoir since the first of the present month.

LEGAL ACTION TAKEN.

Suits Against the Bayless Pulp and Paper Company.

Coudersport, Pa., Nov. 2.—At a meeting of the flood survivors of Austin and Costello tonight in the Hotel Crittendon, Attorney Luther B. Seibert was instructed to begin suits at once for damages aggregating \$200,000 against the Bayless Pulp and Paper company, its officers, directors and stockholders. Other claimants have pledged themselves to join the movement and will bring actions increasing the aggregate amount of claims to \$750,000, according to the attorney.

Decision upon starting criminal action for involuntary manslaughter against four persons was postponed until November 10, when another meeting of the survivors is to be held.

Wanted.

Four men to canvass for a popular book of much interest to farmers. For further particulars inquire for W. J. McGraw at the Commercial House, Smethport.

For Sale.

Several used automobiles, at your own price. Write for particulars.

J. R. CURRY,

Nov. 2:8

Ridgway, Pa.

Unofficial Vote Cast November 7, 1911

	Treasurer	Sheriff	Proth's Recorder	Regis.	Clerk	D. A.	Commissioners	Auditors	Coroner	
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
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	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
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	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
	C. C. Melvin, R.	John A. Peterson, D.	B. F. Starsky, R.	H. M. Choate, R.	C. H. Emerson, D.	John B. Eastman, R.	Frank R. Foster, R.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. M. Marsh, R.	John B. Eastman, R.
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AFTER THE REVOLUTION

A Story Showing How Magnanimity Comes in Follow Victory

By EDWIN PENNINGTON

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After every struggle resulting in a change of government there are scores to be paid off by those who have revolted. As revolutionists, instead of being favored by the law they have been hampered by it. Having established themselves in power, the other edge of the sword is brought into play and cuts in the opposite direction. Instead of being used to imprison or execute revolutionists it is used to execute the advocates of the government overthrown.

When the recent revolution in Mexico became the de facto government the revolutionists stood ready to use the law to punish those who had used it to punish them. During that period when President Diaz held his own in the city of Mexico a young lawyer, Alfonso Fernandez, a sympathizer with the insurgents, left the city to join the forces of Madero. During the fighting he was captured by the government troops, and, being a man of influence, every effort was made to induce him to return to the support of President Diaz. He was turned over to one Jose Sierra, a man deeply interested in putting down the rebellion, with orders to persuade, force, or buy him to the government support.

Sierra took the captive to his hacienda, put him on his parole not to leave it and treated him like a guest instead of a prisoner. The jailer host was an adept at winning over an enemy and used every art of persuasion that suggested itself to him.

Concia, Sierra's daughter, a girl of twenty, possessed one of those oval faces of a dusky shade, large liquid eyes and especially the long lashes of the Spaniard. Her father noticed soon after Fernandez's arrival that he was attracted by his daughter and she was attracted by Fernandez. It occurred to Sierra that Fernandez's conversion might be accomplished more readily by means of the girl than by his own arguments or threats. He gave the young people every opportunity to be together and when he saw that the pear was ripe undertook to pluck it.

He offered Fernandez a prominent position under the government, which, of course, would be tantamount to securing his adherence. Fernandez declined the offer. Then Sierra informed his prisoner that he would be tried for treason, which meant that he would be found guilty and executed. In love with the daughter of the man who had made the threat, the temptation to yield and desert the cause in which he had embarked was well nigh irresistible.

Fernandez seemed to have everything to gain by giving his adherence to the established government. President Diaz then appeared to be firmly fixed in the presidency, and it would be difficult to unseat him. By yielding Fernandez would acquire a position of prominence that might be permanent. That position he might make more enduring and more prominent by throwing his influence on the side of the man who had done much for Mexico. These arguments were reinforced by the fact that on one side stood death, on the other love. But honor forbade.

Fernandez now considered the parole he had given void and began to take measures to escape if possible. Concia procured for him a woman's dress and drove him in her volante past guards who had orders to be watchful and on no account permit his escape. Had it not been that she accompanied him he would not have succeeded in deceiving them. As it was, he made good his escape and returned to Mexico City.

Not even Sierra knew how Fernandez got beyond his clutches. Concia kept her secret, and directly after the escape changes occurred that rendered the episode a thing of the past and soon to be forgotten.

After Diaz's departure and the appointment of a provisional president of the republic the work of retaliation commenced. Jose Sierra, who had been captured by the revolutionists, was brought to the capital. To accuse a man of treason against a government that was not established when the act was committed would not come with good grace from the government that had been in rebellion. Those whom Sierra had made to suffer brought him to trial for having murdered a man whom he had shot during the struggle.

And so it was that the law which had before enabled Sierra to punish now afforded the same machinery for punishing him. As to his having ordered shot the man he was accused of murdering, there was no denying the fact. That he had done the deed legally did not concern the jury men who were on the other side. The trial, therefore, was merely a judicial revenge, and a verdict of guilty was rendered accordingly.

The jury, the lawyers, the spectators, saw nothing but the bare facts of the trial that have been here outlined. To these persons in the courtroom there was far more than this. They were the judge before whom the prisoner was tried, the prisoner himself and his daughter, who sat beside him. When the time came for the sentence to be passed Sierra stood up

to receive it, but was so weak that his daughter supported him.

"Jose Sierra," said the judge, "do you remember a man who once stopped at your hacienda and whom you endeavored to seduce from his allegiance to that government which now exists, but was then struggling for its existence?"

"I do."

"And do you remember having given him a choice between accepting an appointment under the Diaz government and a trial for treason, which meant death?"

"I do."

"But the man escaped. You remember that, too, don't you?"

"I do."

"You never knew how he managed to pass the guards you threw around your hacienda on every available route?"

"I did not."

"It would not have then been best for you to know this, nor is it now, but the assistance your prisoner received at that time is of great importance to you now. Had it not been for that assistance another victim would have been added to the one for shooting whom you have just been adjudged guilty."

All this was a puzzle to those present except the prisoner and his daughter. The judge spoke with evident emotion. The prisoner seemed deeply moved. His daughter as the address proceeded wound her arms tighter about her father. There was an impressiveness to the scene that held the audience spellbound. When the judge began to speak every one thought that he was about to give another instance than the one before the court why the prisoner should suffer death. When he entered upon the last matter he mentioned all were thrown into a state of doubt as to what was coming.

"We are entering in Mexico," he continued, "upon a new age—an age ushered in for the civilized world by a former president of the United States at the close of the greatest rebellion the world has ever seen. For that insurrection not a drop of blood was spilled after the surrender. I have been given discretion by my government as to the punishment to be meted out for acts that occurred during a period when every man's hand was against every other man. It is not meet in this age, when universal peace is dawning for the world, that Mexico should remain in barbarism. The acts of the troublous times through which we have recently moved belong to a dead past and should be buried with that past. The act of which you have been found guilty was repeated again and again on both sides. That the revolution has triumphed is no cause for committing in the name of justice acts of revenge."

"The finding of the jury is set aside. You are at liberty to go free."

By his address the judge attempted to prepare the feelings of those present for what had neither been expected nor desired. But the temper of the people was revengeful and had for ages been used to a different principle. A few applauded, but the majority grumbled. There were those present who had suffered at the hands of the man to whom this magnanimous treatment had been accorded. They had brought the accusation that they might be revenged—might revenge the dead they loved. They rebelled against the decision. Cries of "Hang him!" "Shoot him!" "Use the machete!" were heard, and a movement was made by the most active toward the prisoner. The judge arose and, raising his hand, enjoined silence.

"In striking this man," he said, "you strike the girl who loves him."

"He struck those we loved," some one cried.

"Let me tell you one thing more, that which I spoke of, but did not speak. You remember that I mentioned the escape of one whom the prisoner would have sacrificed. I am that person."

A silence followed this announcement. That the judge had set aside a sentence of death upon the man who had intended to take his life filled those present with wonder. He had secured their attention. He went a step further.

"I will tell you how I escaped. I owe my life to that girl," pointing. "She it was who gave me a disguise and drove me through her father's guards, risking her life for mine. Had it been discovered that the person sitting beside her was the rebel they were watching for she would have doubtless been sacrificed. If you strike him you strike her, and through her you strike me, who have done my part to establish the government under which we now hope for peace and prosperity."

The crisis had come and turned in favor of the judge. Those who had opposed his decision stood looking sullenly on, while the others were won over by his magnanimity and by sympathy for the girl who had saved his life. The advocates of taking the law into their own hands began to move away muttering, leaving only those who had been converted to the cause of mercy. These most sympathetic gathered about the girl, whether for her protection or in sympathy. Then, gradually the crowd melted away and left the three principal participants in the drama.

Concia went to the judge, took his hand in hers and kissed it. Her father stood with folded arms looking at vacancy. A short time before he had been expecting death. He was now conscious only that his life had been spared and he feared nothing.

There is a sequel to this story, but this is not the place for it. Indeed, the events narrated happened too recently for it to be a finished romance. One thing is certain. This renouncing of vengeance was brought about by love.

WITHOUT RESPECT

But With Respect It Was a Different Matter

By F. A. MITCHEL

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There is a house still standing in South Carolina, one of those old fashioned but stately mansions, that is more than 150 years old. The woodwork above its cornices, its massive chimneys, its fluted pillars extending from the porch to the roof, smack of aristocratic persons who dwell there when the place was new, but who dwell there no longer.

When the Revolution came on Charles Ringold, then lord of the manor, remained loyal to the king, but his children, all of whom were grown, chose the patriot side. His two sons were with General Marion, the "Swamp Fox." His only daughter, Margaret, remained at home with her father, though her heart was with her brothers in the continental service.

One evening during that troublous period Margaret, looking out of a window, saw a man in a scarlet coat riding toward the house. Going out on to the porch, she stood there between two of the great white pillars waiting for him. When he drew rein before her and doffed his hat politely she saw that he was what a woman would naturally admire, a gentleman, a soldier and handsome. He came of the same aristocratic English stock from which she herself had sprung.

"May I ask," he said, "are you loyal subjects of the king here, or are you rebels?"

"My father is for the king" was the reply.

"And you?"

"It doesn't matter where my sympathies lie, for I am a woman, but were I a man I would now be fighting for the patriot cause."

"May I see your father?"

"Certainly."

The officer dismounted. The girl called a negro servant to hold his horse, then showed the man into the library, where her father was reading, and left the two together. Captain Arbuckle, one of Colonel Tarleton's officers, had been sent out by his chief to make inquiries among such Tories as he could find in the neighborhood as to where the "Swamp Fox" was lurking. He asked Mr. Ringold for information, but the latter frankly told him that though he was loyal to the British cause he had two sons in Marion's corps and begged to be excused from replying to his questions. But since darkness was coming on he offered the captain entertainment for the night.

Arbuckle accepted the invitation, not for the entertainment, but that he might pass an evening in company with Margaret, whose stately figure, comely face and aristocratic bearing had made a profound impression upon him. Women to young English bloods of that day were considered legitimate game, and Arbuckle vowed within himself that before he parted with the girl for the night he would take at least one kiss.

He kept his resolution, though he no more than kept it, for he got but one kiss. He left a crimson spot where his lips touched Margaret's cheek and fire in her eye. Rising, she swept out of the room, leaving him discomfited. He had not expected such a rebuff from a woman dwelling in this wild country, so far from old England. He was in doubt whether to regret his act or to make an excuse to remain, with a view to a further effort. But for the present there was nothing to do but go to bed.

In the morning he breakfasted with Mr. Ringold, and when the meal was finished, feeling obliged to return to duty, he ordered his horse. The negro, who brought it handed him a note from Margaret, in which she told him that a champion demanded satisfaction for the insult he had offered her the evening before. Captain Arbuckle was astonished. He had played the same game many a time at home, with no serious consequences, to meet with a challenge to mortal combat on a like provocation in the wilds of America.

But for one thing the officer would have offered a humble apology. That was the champion. A spirit of rivalry took possession of him. Who was this man who was to stand in defense of the woman who had so impressed him? Was he a lover, a brother or a friend? In any event, could he, an Englishman—the proudest race on earth—apologize for taking a liberty with one born in a land recently acquired from savages?

"Tell your mistress," he said to the negro, "that I will communicate with her as soon as my duties as a soldier will permit."

On his return to camp Arbuckle found that the command had got wind of the "Swamp Fox" and had gone in chase of him. Tarleton had left an order for the captain to remain in the camp in command of a small guard left there till the expedition returned. This left him an opportunity to take care of the matter he had in hand. He wrote Margaret that since he had learned that she had a champion the fight must come off before any apology could be made. He was impatient to throw himself at her feet to implore her pardon; therefore he desired the affair should be settled as soon as possible. Besides, he was now free from

any duty that would interfere with its settlement. Would she ask her champion to name an early date, place, weapons and other details?

A reply came that she felt a delicacy in the identity of the man who was to defend her being known; therefore she stipulated that he should fight masked. The time would be that evening at sunset, in a clearing back of her father's house, the weapons to be cavalry swords. There were to be no seconds. Her slave, Jim, who bore her messages, would be present as a witness.

To the masking Arbuckle declined to assent unless assured that her champion was not a blood relative, and when this assured he agreed to be on hand at the appointed hour.

He found his enemy waiting for him. The man was tall and slender, being dressed in citizen's costume of the day, a broad tailed cutaway coat and breeches, buff waistcoat, white stockings, large shoe buckles and a powdered peruke. His mask was of black velvet, with lace at and below his mouth.

Jim, the colored slave, stood near with a saber under an arm and a small box containing articles to stop the flow of blood in the other. He handed Arbuckle a saber, and the latter advanced to the spot where his enemy was standing. But before putting himself in a posture for defense he said to Jim:

"In case I am denied an opportunity to crave your mistress' pardon by being killed in this fight I desire you to assure her that had I lived I would have done so."

"I'll do that, sah," said Jim, "fo' I reckon you gwine to get killed. De man wid de under sword mighty fine fencer. He killed!"

A suppressed exclamation of dissatisfaction from the champion stopped this attempt to frighten the captain, and the principals in the affair, advancing toward each other, began to fence. Notwithstanding Jim's encomiums the unknown at once proved himself no match for his opponent. Arbuckle, perceiving this, stood strictly on the defensive, not desiring that blood should be spilled in such a cause.

He was beginning to be amused at the punting thrusts and parries made by his opponent when an accident happened at an unlucky moment. Just as the masked man was making one of his awkward thrusts Arbuckle's foot caught in a creeping vine, and he fell forward on the point of his adversary's sword, which, entering his right side just below the arm pit, inflicted a flesh wound.

A cry came from the champion. Not a masculine cry; it was like a woman's shriek. Throwing away his saber, he stooped and lifted his enemy in his arms. Arbuckle, more interested in the champion's identity than his wound, pulled off the mask and exposed the features of Margaret Ringold.

The two looked at each other for a few moments without speaking; then Arbuckle, seizing Margaret's hand, kissed it respectfully, exclaiming:

"Forgive me!"

Meanwhile Jim was hurrying forward, opening the box of materials for staunching blood. Arbuckle assured Margaret that his wound was of no importance, threw off his coat, opened his waistcoat and exposed his shirt saturated with blood. Margaret tremblingly applied lint and wound a bandage to hold it in its place. Then she told Jim to go for assistance and bring a conveyance to take the wounded man to the house. But Arbuckle demurred.

"The affair must be kept secret," he said, "because I am ashamed of my part in requiring a woman to protect herself against me, and, as for being carried about with such a pin prick as this, my comrades would despise me. Go to your home, Miss Ringold. You have vanquished me in more ways than one. Henceforth I am your champion whenever you choose to have me by accepting my services. I will now ride to camp, but ask that at the first opportunity I may be permitted to pay my duty to you."

Margaret turned and walked away, but she heard footsteps behind her and felt her hand clasped. It was Arbuckle.

"Tell me before we part," he said, "am I forgiven?"

She made no reply except with her eyes, but the man was satisfied. He watched her, attended by Jim, till she reached the house, when she turned and, putting her fingers to her lips, threw him what she had fought him for taking disrespectfully.

The "Swamp Fox" kept Tarleton and his men busy for some time, during which Arbuckle did not appear at the Ringold manor. Then he was taken ill. From a hospital he sent word to Margaret that as soon as he had recovered he would see her and make all possible amends for his treatment of her. But he was obliged to wait till the war had ended before being able to visit her. When he came he asked to see her father, saying that he had called on a matter of vital importance to himself. He asked to be permitted to pay his addresses to his daughter. The old Tory was much pleased at the request, though he felt that it would separate him from his child and, having granted it, informed Margaret that Arbuckle had come and had asked for her hand.

There was a great contrast between this and the first meeting Margaret had with Captain Arbuckle, which gave a peculiar zest to the latter. The couple were married before Captain Arbuckle returned with the British forces in America to England. There the South Carolinian was welcomed by her husband's relatives, and she at once assumed a prominent position in society. But she always maintained that had not the colonies won their independence she would not have left her American home.

THE PHANTOM PIRATE

A Harmless Mistake

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Abel Watkins sat out at the end of the long pier fishing for mackerel.

The noon whistle from the mill cut the stillness, and Abel pulled in his line and bent to grasp his basket of fish. He listened down the pier toward home. Then it was that a voice hailed him from the anchorage.

"Hi, there, Abel!"

Abel stopped and leaned over the rail. Standing in a small, clean cut, cabin motor launch was a short, stout man, red of face and blue of eye and very bleached as to hair and mustache. His visored cap had a nautical tinge, and a single brass button dangled from his blue pilot coat.

"Come down here after dinner if you haven't got anything else to do. I've got a job for you."

"What is it?" asked Abel suspiciously. He had been a victim of Myron Fladd's enthusiasm in the past, and he resolved to proceed with caution.

"Been reading the papers lately?" demanded Mr. Fladd impatiently.

"Of course."

"Read about that feller that's been playing pirate down in the East river? I thought maybe you had. Well, there's a reward out for his capture—\$300. Want half of it?"

"I don't mind if I do. You going down after him?"

"I don't have to! He's hanging around the harbor here," grinned Mr. Fladd, with sudden amiability.

"Here," gasped Abel wildly. "Why, have you seen him?"

The other nodded.

"I was loitering in last night just at dark. You know there was a fog and I could scarcely see a boat's length ahead, when all of a sudden I heard a launch coming up astern. Her engine was muffled, and if it hadn't been for the faint 'spit-spit' of her exhaust she might have passed me without my catching a glimpse of her. She whizzed by, and I had a look at the chap that was running her." Myron Fladd paused to stuff a pinch of tobacco into his pipe.

Abel drew a deep breath. "What was he like?" he asked in an awed voice.

Myron scratched a match on a barnacled timber. "He had his back to me, so I couldn't see nothing," he replied calmly.

"I want to know," rasped Abel impatiently. "If you didn't see him how'd you know who he was? Maybe it was me in my launch."

"Was it you?" asked Mr. Fladd inquisitively.

"I wasn't out yesterday," admitted Abel sheepishly.

"I know it was him, the phantom pirate, because the description fits the launch that passed me, and the way he come in was sneaky—there wasn't a sound, and he didn't even look around. He made right for the creek that runs in among the cedars, because I followed him till he disappeared there. Today I strolled around there on top of the bluff, and I could see him down there in the creek." Mr. Fladd paused dramatically.

"Well, what you going to do about it?" demanded Abel.

"I'm going to keep watch of the creek all the afternoon and evening, and when she comes out I'll capture her. I'll need you. When can you come down? Of course you've had your dinner."

The word "dinner" galvanized Abel into sudden recollection of the meal that was awaiting him and of the accumulated wrath of Deborah when he appeared at last. "Gosh, I haven't had my dinner—I forgot it," he said in an uneasy tone. Just then the 1 o'clock whistle shrilled over the water, and he picked up his basket of fish and hurried away.

"Come right back again," yelled Myron Fladd.

"All right," replied Abel, although he knew he had promised Deborah to take her rag balls over to the carpet weavers that afternoon.

Deborah Watkins was "on her ear."

"Went fast asleep on the pier, I suppose," she said sharply.

"I wasn't asleep," protested Abel hotly. "I've caught ninety-three young mackerel for you to pickle, and I've got a chance to make a hundred and fifty dollars!" he ended triumphantly.

"You've got a chance to go without your dinner!" snapped Deborah as she tramped into the next room and slammed the door.

For one instant Abel paused; then without a word he turned and left the house, making his way down to the pier, where Myron Fladd's launch still bobbed against the piles. Myron hailed him gladly.

"Good for you, Abel. You made a short job of it. Get aboard now, and we'll run down the east shore and anchor in the lee of that old wreck. If we see that pirate coming out of the creek we can run out and capture him easy as pie."

Abel let himself down the gangway to the float where the launch was tied and joined Mr. Fladd in the tiny cabin. He looked hungrily around.

"I haven't had any dinner," he announced woefully. "Deborah was so all-fired mad because I was late she

cut out the ration. What you got aboard?"

"Without a word Mr. Fladd set forth a box of cold coffee, a can of pilot bread, some rancid butter, a cold boiled egg and half a whale pie, and in silence Abel Watkins stowed away the victuals. By the time this ceremony was concluded it was after 2 o'clock.

The wind had changed to the south-east, and the sky was overcast as they shot out from under the shadow of the long pier and headed across the bay. It was three miles to Cedar creek, where the phantom pirate was supposed to be in hiding. They made the wreck near the creek's mouth and made fast to her rotting timbers. She loomed big and black above the natty little launch and afforded a measure of protection from observation. Abel and Myron Fladd lounged in the cabin and took turns watching through the tiny portholes for some sign of life near the mouth of the creek.

There was nothing save an occasional kingfisher to disturb the solitude. Hour after hour passed in tedious waiting.

"Maybe he went while you were across the bay," suggested Abel Watkins.

"There wasn't five minutes I didn't have my glass trained on that creek," said Myron sharply. "Confound him! Why can't he come out?"

"Let's go after him," suggested Abel. "We might as well catch him in there as to chase him all around Little River bay."

Myron Fladd agreed, and just as the day was fading they panted into Cedar creek and made for its upper reaches. There, drawn on a little pebbly beach and half hidden in the tall salt grass, was a narrow, dark gray motorboat. Lounging on the deck was a long limbed young man, who shot to his feet as they approached.

"Well, what is it?" he asked sharply as Fladd's launch grounded in the soft mud.

Myron Fladd stepped ashore and crashed through the grass to the side of the gray launch. He drew a short barreled shotgun from underneath his pilot coat, and, throwing back the lapel of the garment, he flashed a brief glimpse of his friend's badge and cried authoritatively:

"Hold up your hands, in the name of the law!"

The stranger threw up his hands. With one he caught the gun barrel and twisted the weapon out of Myron's hands; with the other he lifted that stout gentleman to the deck of the craft by way of a strong grip inside the collar of his coat. With lightning-like rapidity he snatched up a rope and tied the astonished pirate hunter with a dozen hard knots.

Then the stranger leveled the shotgun at the shrinking form of Abel Watkins and beckoned with a long and crooked forefinger. "Come here!" he ordered unkindly.

Abel went and was trussed quite as neatly as his friend. Together they watched the strange young man dive into the cabin of his launch, come forth with a suit case and shrug himself into a warm overcoat.

"I'll borrow your boat for awhile, and I'll leave mine for security. I had a breakdown, confound it! I'll send somebody after you. Sorry I can't take you along, but I've got an important engagement with a lady. By, by!" He waved a mocking farewell at his sputtering captives, pushed Fladd's boat out of the mud, leaped nimbly aboard after his suit case and was soon chugging quietly from sight in the gathering mist.

When all was still again Myron Fladd turned uneasily to his companion.

"Abel, did you recognize that fellow? Seems like I've seen him before."

"I don't know. Looks like a chap that was boarding over to the hotel last summer. I took him out fishing once, and he gave me \$10. I heard he had lots of money. I don't believe it's the same. What would he be doing around here this way?"

"He's the pirate, all right," uttered Fladd gloomily. "Yet he looks confoundedly like that chap that used to come and see my daughter Mabel last summer. I told her I wouldn't hear of no city chaps for sons-in-law, and so I give him to understand. He was staying to the hotel too. His name was Turner."

"What's he got to do with that phantom pirate and \$300 reward?" demanded Abel sourly, working at his bonds.

There was the sound of oars and voices of men, and presently a light blurred through the fog, and a boat came cautiously up the creek. Five minutes afterward Abel Watkins and Myron Fladd were free men, and several of their neighbors were breaking the news to Mr. Fladd that his daughter Mabel had eloped in a motorboat with a young man of the name of Turner, and that Mrs. Fladd had said she was glad of it if Mabel was happy. Somebody had telephoned one of the men that Abel and Myron were marooned in Cedar creek—hence their timely arrival.

It was a silent party that towed across the choppy bay in the leaking, flat bottom boat. Myron Fladd was planning all sorts of revenge upon his newly acquired son-in-law for his harsh treatment, while Abel took consolation in his disappointment and fatigue by recollecting that a frightened Deborah would gladly prepare a bountiful meal when he returned to her.

At last one of the men spoke: "I see by the paper that they caught that phantom pirate way down by Barnegate Light. Myron, I wouldn't mind having that three hundred reward, would you?"

But Myron only grunted irritably in reply.

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Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 9, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

"The Shine On, Harvest Moon"
company played to a small and
overly pleased audience at the Ly-
ceum last Saturday night.

Howard, of widows, especially
Widow Minnie Wynne, an alleged in-
dustrial comedy that appeared at the
Lyceum last Tuesday evening.

John W. Clark, aged 16 years, of
Rasselas, is a patient in the Elk coun-
ty General hospital at Ridgway, Pa.,
the result of a shotgun going off
Tuesday afternoon of last week, the
contents lodging in his left arm be-
tween the elbow and shoulder and
shattering the bone. He was taken to
the hospital the same evening and
last Thursday morning the member
was amputated. It is thought Clark
will recover from the shock. As was
his usual custom, Clark went to the
pasture for the cows and carried a
shotgun along. When climbing over
a fence the trigger of the gun caught
in something and the gun went off in
the manner described above.

Gus Dorn, a man about 52 years
of age, who lived with his family at
Limestone and was employed at the
tannery at that place, met a horrible
death at the Main street crossing of
the E. R. & P. railroad at that place
at about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening,
when a Pennsylvania passenger train
struck him. Dorn was, it is said,
walking on the tracks toward his
home when he was killed. His body
was cut to pieces and for a time it
was impossible to establish his iden-
tity. Later, however, a son identified
him by his shoes. The unfortunate
man was a member of the K. O. T.
M. of Limestone. He leaves a widow
and six children.

In Indianapolis a club has been
organized which has for its object a
safe and sane Christmas. The mem-
bers of the club pledge themselves
not to give or receive Christmas pres-
ents except to and from members of
the family. It is expected that other
cities will follow the lead of Indian-
apolis and before the holiday season
sets in there will be organized in
many municipalities safe and sane
Christmas clubs and that when Santa
Claus arrives he will find his work
cut out for him in a manner which
will save him much worry. If the
Christmas gift giving were confined to
the immediate members of the fam-
ily many heart aches would be saved,
to say nothing of the dollars which
might be kept safely in the old stock-
ing for more pressing needs.

After much careful consideration
A. N. Crandall, referee in the bank-
ruptcy case of the Palmer Window
Glass company, has filed his decree,
says the Coudersport Enterprise. The
holders of the first mortgage may
hold property which they bid in at
the sale, upon the payment of \$33,
113.50 to the trustees. Of this mort-
gage of \$20,000 was valid against
second mortgage bond holders and
to the unsecured creditors. Accord-
ing to the decree the gas leases were
not subject to either mortgage and
the amount bid for them at the sale
will go toward the balance to the un-

secured creditors. The decree is that
the first mortgage of \$20,000 was val-
id against the property held in fee
and that the second one of \$20,000
could hold the gas mains but not the
leases. F. L. Bartlett, who bid in the
entire property at \$53,007.53 as trustee
for the first mortgage bond hold-
ers, has sold the property to the Em-
pire Glass company. The case will
probably be appealed to the United
States Circuit court.

To the inquiry, "Why do the min-
istrels parade?" John W. Vogel, man-
ager and proprietor of the big city
ministrels—fifty all told—frankly re-
sponded: "Primarily for the advertise-
ment. Why else should I equip the
band and company at such a large
expatriate? If the display of the full
strength of the company did not count
for something?" "Who first put the
ministrels in street parade?" "That
skilled manager and exceedingly clever
and original comedian, William W.
Newcomb. He used at times to hire
bandwagons of local liveries, and
"Brass Band the towns" as he termed
it. He carried lettered blankets for
the horses." "Were the performers
uniformed?" "To the extent that
each and all were decorated with a
stove-pipe hat." John W. Vogel's big
city minstrels will appear at the
Smethport Lyceum, Friday, Nov. 17.

Mrs. D. W. Bailey of No. 88 Haz-
zelle avenue, Kenmore, N. Y., was a
caller at The Era office on Saturday
last. The lady had a number of cer-
tificates from expert assayers showing
that specimens of mineral formations
examined by the assayers for Mrs.
Bailey, contained considerable quan-
tities of very valuable material. Gold
ore showing a value of \$5.40 to the
ton was mentioned in the reports and
silver, showing a value of \$2.20 to the
ton, as indicated by the specimens ex-
amined, was included in the list.
These minerals, said Mrs. Bailey,
were found at Salamanca, N. Y., and
vicinity. For several years the lady
has been conducting investigations in
that locality, and has financed the
work of delving into the earth in
search of the precious metals, the
greatest depth reached she said, be-
ing 40 feet. The ores are found in
sandstone, limestone and blue fossil
and other formations.—Bradford Era.

A lad of 13 summers who resides
in East Watren was hauled before Ju-
stice of the Peace J. E. Wheeler to-day
for a hold up he is alleged to have
perpetrated about one month ago,
says the Mirror. It appears that three
East Side boys started out after
chestnuts on a Saturday in September.
Their route took them to Glade and
when they came up under a tree near
the village they found a party of
three, two girls and a boy, of about
their own ages, picking up nuts and
their well filled sacks attested their
success. The lad who figures most
prominently in our story had in his
possession a revolver which belonged
to his brother and which he had tak-
en unknown to the owner. His two
comrades knew he had it and when
they met the others one of the boys
told him to "point the gun at them
and make them give us some nuts."
This the little fellow did, but instead
of giving up their nuts they turned
and ran. The father of the boy who
accompanied the girls has caused the
arrest of the other lad and he was
before the Justice this afternoon.

SPEED OF A SHOT

Finding the Velocity of a Missile
a Simple Matter.

MEASURED BY A PAPER DRUM.

The Whirling Cylinder Registers the
Projectile's Flight With Minute Ac-
curacy at Any Desired Distance.
Wing Shots and Shot Charges.

Persons of all interested in gun firing
of any kind, whether of the revolver
or rifle or of heavy ordnance of any
kind, occasionally come upon the term
"muzzle velocity" and velocities of the
missile at stated distances.

"How can anybody tell how fast a
bullet is traveling when it leaves the
muzzle of a weapon?" is a likely com-
ment on the part of the layman.

As a matter of fact this approximate
velocity of the missile may be one of
the easiest of determinations to make.

In the first place, a drumlike cylinder
is made of fixed diameter and of suf-
ficiently stiff paper to allow of its re-
volving rapidly on a spindle. Using a
cylinder of small circumference, it is
necessary that the speed approach
2,000 revolutions a minute. These revo-
lutions are produced by electric power,
and the count is made by an exact
mechanical register.

The gun is placed securely at the re-
quired distance from the drum and is
sighted directly at the center of the
cylinder, which is spinning at so
many rods, even miles, a minute, as
its circumference determines. With
the drum's speed adjusted an electric
current discharges the weapon, the
bullet striking the center of the drum
as measured from top to bottom.

The reader understands that with the
drum stationary the bullet would pass
directly through it on the line of its
diameter, coming out on the other side
with scarcely a shade of impediment.
With the drum's periphery whirling at
the rate of 2,000 revolutions a minute
and its diameter only a fraction more
than a foot this would mean a rate of
2,000 yards in sixty seconds. Thus in
the fragment of a second necessary for
the bullet to enter one side of the pa-
per drum, cross it and out at the other
side the opposite side of the drum
would show considerable deviation from
an exact diameter of line of pas-
sage.

It is this space of deflection shown
inside the further rim of the drum that
is used for the computation of velocity
of the missile. The speed of the cylin-
der may be computed to the ten thou-
sandth part of a second if necessary
and the linear distance run in that time
be charted in a perpendicular line on
the inner side of the paper. At what-
ever line the bullet penetrates outward
it registers its time in crossing the
diameter of the cylinder. If it has re-
quired the ten-thousandth part of a
second for the bullet to fly one foot its
muzzle velocity to the mile may be
computed by any schoolboy. By the
same process, too, the bullet's velocity
at 100 yards or 500 yards may be de-
termined.

Years ago before wing shooting had
become an art the farmer with his
muzzle loading shotgun and charge of
black powder would shoot directly at a
wild goose or duck in full flight. He
evolved a theory of his own as to the
oncoming bird, holding that the heavy
breast feathers "turned" the shot. He
waited until the bird had passed him
when, firing directly at it, he could
bring down his quarry.

But it was not because the bird was
not vulnerable, coming breast on.
The fact was that it flew over his
charge of shot. Before he could pull
the trigger and the hammer fell on
the percussion cap and the compara-
tively slow black powder could be ig-
nited and exploded, sending the shot
twenty-five or thirty yards, the bird
had flown yards beyond its position
when the fowler first touched
the trigger. But firing directly at the
bird after it had passed the shot
charge had a strong tendency to drop
as it flew, and the bird flying on a
level line "got in the way" of the
charge.

Today the modern nitro powders are
immensely quicker than was the old
black gunpowder, yet it has been an
engineering problem to determine just
how fast and in what line a charge of
shot will travel. In this determina-
tion the revolving drum device has
shown several important facts which
have been taken in connection with
the speed of individual game birds
and the effects of windage on a shot
charge.

That most important fact as to the
flight of shot from a modern shotgun
is that at forty yards the shot are
"strung out" for approximately fifteen
feet. While the leading pellets in the
string have greatest velocity and kill-
ing power, at this distance even the
trailing pellets are of sufficient force
to kill.

All this has led to the modern prac-
tice of the fowler to reckon with the
speed of his shot, the speed of the
bird, the influence of the wind in
"drifting" the charge, and out of
these established facts to "lead" the
bird sufficiently to kill it rather than
main and cripple it.—Marvin Holton
in Chicago Tribune.

The Other National Game.
Mrs. Galey (as Galey arrives home
at 6 a. m.)—Well, what in the world
reminded you to come home at all?
Galey—The same was called on ac-
count of daylight, my dear.—Puck.

Hatred does not cease by hatred at
any time. Hatred ceases by love.
This is an old rule.—Buddha.

KILL SHARKS FOR FUN

Kanakas Can Whip the Man Eaters in
a Fair Fight.

In the Pacific ocean lives a race of
men who outswim fish and who can
kill man eating sharks in a fair fight.
They are Kanakas, the seamen who
are natives of the Hawaiian Islands.

"A native can whip a shark because
he can outswim him," states an Amer-
ican who has been living in the islands
many years. "I never heard of a na-
tive being injured by a shark, and
there is a superstition among them
that a shark is afraid of a Kanaka and
will refuse to fight. This is not true,
however, and grew out of the fact that
a native always whips a shark. A
Kanaka will spy a shark and, taking
a knife between his teeth, dive in after
him. It is a fair fight, because the
shark has teeth that are as deadly as
the knife. The shark will make for
the swimmer, and when it is in range
will flop suddenly on its side, which
position is necessary before it can use
its powerful jaws to crush an enemy.

As the shark turns the native will sink
rapidly and come up and rip the crea-
ture open with a quick slash of the
knife. Sometimes they will avoid the
shark time after time, cutting it on
the nose and pricking it to arouse its
anger.

"For excitement it outthrills a bull
fight"—Detroit Free Press.

TUBES FOR LUNGS.

Complex System by Which Insects Are
Enabled to Breathe.

While mammals have lungs and
fishes gills, insects have neither one
nor the other. Instead they present a
complex system of tubes running
throughout the length of their bodies,
whereby the air is conveyed to every
part of the system.

To guard insects against collapse
from pressure of air, nature has fur-
nished the little creatures with a fine
thread running spirally within the
walls of the tube, just as a garden
hose is protected with wire.

Many flies live first in the water as
larvae. Arranged along each side of
their bodies is a series of exceedingly
thin plates, into each of which runs a
series of blood vessels. These plates
are placed to absorb the oxygen con-
tained in the water. The tail ends in
three featherlike projections, and by
means of these the larvae cause cur-
rents of water to flow over the gills,
and thus their efficiency is increased.

Gulls also exist in the water as
larvae. But they have no gills. Their
breathing is accomplished by means of
a tube situated at the tip of the tail.
The larvae float about head downward
in the water, with this tube just above
the surface, so that the creatures may
breathe.—Harper's Weekly.

Prayer Halls in Russia.

In the villages of Russia the "prayer
hall" is the common idea or cottage
of a Stundist moujik, or a shed attach-
ed to a very primitive farmstead sur-
rounded by prodigious quantities of
mud, dust or snow, according to the
season of the year. A separate build-
ing erected expressly for worship
among the rural evangelists of Rus-
sia is a luxury yet to be provided in
the great majority of cases. The meet-
ing place, whether izba or outhouse,
has walls of earth. It is without cel-
ling. The floor is the bare earth, trod-
den hard by many feet through the
lapse of long years and worn into lumps
and hollows. The walls are lime wash-
ed and destitute of decoration or adorn-
ment. There are rough wooden benches
around and across the room. The
place is usually packed to suffocation
with men, women and children crowd-
ed on the seats, thronging the door-
ways and budding together on the
top of the huge stove.—Sunday at
Home.

Singing Wires.

Sometimes when a tempest is raging
telegraph wires are silent while in
time of calm they are sonorous. Evi-
dently the vibration of the wires is not
due to atmospheric agitation alone.
A scientist of Berlin who studied the
cause of the singing of wires in time
of calm concludes that the vibration
of the wires always presages the ap-
proach of bad weather. When the
sounds are deep the change of weather
may be looked for within two days.
When they are shrill or sharp the
storm will come within a very few
hours. It is difficult to determine the
cause of the singing. An Italian scien-
tist calls it "seismic agitation produced
by barometric depression and trans-
mitted to the wires by the telegraph
poles."—Harper's Weekly.

Lots of Hunting.

The talk had turned upon hunting
and by and by one of the adult visitors,
noting Jamie's rapt and eager look,
remarked cheerily:

"Well, sonny, I don't suppose you've
had a chance to do much hunting yet?"
"Not many kinds, but lots of it," ex-
plained Jamie. "I've never hunted
bears or lions, but I've hunted gran-
ny's spectacles most all over the
world."—Chicago Record Herald.

A Sticking Business.

"Well, Mrs. Smith, and how's your
husband?"
"Oh, he's doing well, thank you.
mum. He's got a job at the glue fac-
tory now."

"Ah, well, I hope he'll stick there!"
—London Mail.

Hair Stealers.

It was unsafe for English children
to walk out alone in 1895, lest they
should be robbed of their hair for wig-
makers.

Contentment is natural wealth. Lux-
ury is artificial poverty.—Socrates.

ECCENTRIC BETTING.

Curious Wagers Recorded at White's
Club in London.

The betting book of White's club in
London contains the record of some
extraordinary wagers. The idle gen-
tleman of 100 years ago could give
their successors of today sundry hints
on eccentric betting. Here are fac-
similes of some of the records. One
reads:

"Mr. Methuen bets Colonel Stanhope
10 guineas to 1 that a worthy baron-
et—understood between them—does
not from necessity part with his gold
ice palls before this day twelvemonth.
The ice palls being found at a pawn-
broker's will not entitle Colonel Stan-
hope to receive his 10 guineas."

This peculiar wager was made in
1813, and another one, recorded the
same year at White's, may have ref-
erence to the same hard up personage.
It reads:

"Lord Alvanley bets Sir Joseph Cop-
ley 5 guineas that a certain baronet—
understood between them—is very
much embarrassed in circumstances.
In three years from the date hereof,
if one of his bills is dishonored or he
is observed to borrow small change of
the chairmen or waiters, Sir Joseph is
to be reckoned to lose."

Here is an odd one: "Mr. Butler
bets Sir George Talbot 20 guineas
to 1 that he is not in the room at
White's with Napoleon in the course
of the next two years—April 21, 1815."
History shows that Mr. Butler won
that guinea.—Christian Science Moni-
tor.

AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM.

Police Still Call Out the Hours of the
Night at Los Arenas.

Most of the ancient Spanish customs
have long since died out, but one is
still maintained here, in the village of
Los Arenas, near Bilbao, and all night
sleepers will, I think, be with me in
saying that this could be very well
done without, says the British consul
at Bilbao.

The custom consists of the "serenos"
(night policemen) calling out the
hours and state of the weather every
night, commencing at midnight and
finishing at 5 o'clock a. m. I said
"calling," but shouting would really
be more correct. One is roused by
one of these loud voiced policemen
singing out beneath the bedroom win-
dow, "Las doce, sereno!" ("Twelve
o'clock, fine weather.")

By 4 o'clock the weather has prob-
ably changed, and it may be raining
and blowing a regular hurricane, a
state of things in itself enough to
wake any man up. Yet you are cheer-
fully informed of the fact by the po-
liceman shouting, "Las cuatro, lloviendo."
("Four o'clock, raining.")

Many inhabitants have tried in vain
to get this stopped, for no useful pur-
pose whatever is served by the cus-
tom, except, perhaps, to the Spanish
Bill Sikes, who considers it a very
useful guide to the whereabouts of the
police.

Called His Bluff.

An irascible guest had been sitting
at the hotel table about three minutes
and no waiter had come to him, and
when he caught the eye of the head
waiter he called him up. "Here," he
said in a snarl, "I've been waiting
for half an hour for somebody to take
my order, and nobody has come near!
Am I going to be waited on?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I want to know why I have
been kept waiting a half hour?"
"Well, sir," explained the waiter,
"the man who was on duty when you
came in, half an hour ago, has left
and won't be back until tomorrow,
and I only came on duty ten minutes ago,
so I don't know the reason."

The guest knew he was being made
fun of, but he also knew that he had
been telling a falsehood, so he said no
more.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Brain Weights.

The average weight of a man's brain
is forty-six ounces, but it varies large-
ly in different individuals. Usually
it is about one-thirtieth of the body's
weight. In quadrupeds the relative
weight is remarkably less than it is
in human beings. It is one-one hun-
dred and twentieth in dogs, one-four
hundred and fiftieth in horses, one-
seven hundred and fiftieth in sheep
and one-eight hundredth in the ox,
thus indicating a direct relation be-
tween weight of brain and intelligence,
the animals named being ranged in the
order of their mental capacity and do-
cility.

Respected His Wishes.

Friend—Why do you get married so
soon after the death of your husband?
Widow—My dear, if there was any one
thing that my poor dead and gone hus-
band insisted upon, in season and out,
it was that I should never put off till
tomorrow what I could do today.

Cordova's Stone Pavements.
The oldest pavement of which there
is any record in modern cities is that
of Cordova, in Spain, which was paved
with stones by the Moors in the middle
of the ninth century. The floors also
caused water to be conveyed to the
city in leaden pipes.

Novelty.

Willis—See the crowd going in to
view Deadbeat's remains. He must
have been well liked. Gills—No; those
are collectors who were never able to
see him while he was alive.—Puck.

Crows' Cries.

Ornithologists have discovered that
crows have no fewer than twenty-
seven different cries, each distinctly
attributable to a different action.

The Bloodstaining Branch.
Not every pun is as good as one
credited to a Dublin gentleman of
long ago by the author of a book en-
titled "In Many Lands." George IV.,
on his visit to Dublin in 1821, met at a
reception Sir Philip Crampton, Ire-
land's greatest surgeon.
"In what branch of the service is
that magnificent looking man?" asked
his majesty.
The gentleman to whom the question
was put was too polite to blurt that the
king was mistaken in supposing that
the distinguished surgeon was a naval
or military officer.
"Sir," he replied, "he is a general
in the lancets."

Reprimand For Tennyson.
On one occasion when Tennyson
was on a visit in Ireland with Aubrey
de Vere a sullen mood overtook him,
and he sought out his hostess and be-
gan to love against the insanity of
dancing; but the lady cut him short,
saying: "How would the world get on
if others went about growling at
amusements in a voice as deep as a
lion's? I request that you will go up-
stairs, put on an evening coat and
come down and ask my daughter Sop-
hia to dance."

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WE HAVE
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retain their flavor, and
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that our patrons ap-
preciate good articles for
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GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and
GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we
have it

And we would appre-
ciate your trade

And strive to please
you in every way.

J. COLEGROVE, Groce
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have
arrived and are on display at my
store in the Young Block, opposite
Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do
all kinds of Portrait enlarging,
Millinery and 5- and 10-cent
counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Mirror
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Subscription—\$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per year.
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Display advertising published at the rate of \$100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no charge from this rate. Extra charge for space insertion. Extra charge for marriage and death notices inserted. Extra charge for notices of meetings and administrators' notices. All communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.
Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 8, 1911.

Well, are you satisfied with the results of Tuesday's election?

Now we can have a political rest for a short time at least.

Spencer DeGoller is Bradford's new mayor, and the Paul contingent has learned a great lesson in the game of politics.

The whole Republican county ticket, with the exception of John A. Peterson for Sheriff, is elected by a good majority. Pretty good when you hark back a few months to the time when the reform Democrats and the Key-stoners were going to sweep the county this fall.

Already people are talking of the probabilities and possibilities in the presidential election next year and from what we can learn from men who have been canvassing the county in a political way, the people of this section do not favor the re-election of Wm. H. Taft. One man who is pretty conservative in his opinions said that the man who is chosen for national delegate from this district would have to declare himself for Roosevelt or LaFollette.

The endorsement given R. F. Star-sky by the citizens at the polls last Tuesday is an excellent testimonial for his fitness and ability as Protho-tary. His opponent, F. P. Isher-wood, is a popular man but not with-stand this fact Mr. Star-sky won out with 3579 votes against 2182 for Mr. Isherwood, a plurality of 1296. Another thing that should make Mr. Star-sky feel proud is the fact that a Smethport borough, where he has made his home for the past six years, received 253 votes and Mr. Isher-wood 59.

Matthew C. Bain, the popular Demo-cratic-Keystone candidate for sheriff alrly swept the county. He was elect-ed by a plurality of 2416 votes and was 1870 votes ahead of the next highest Democratic-Keystoner on the ticket. His total vote was 4237 and he next high man on the whole ticket was C. C. Melvin, Republican county reasurer, who had 3971 votes. He certainly is the choice of the people, and all we can say, from a Republican standpoint, is that the voters selected a man who is honest, capable and an all around good man.

We wish to extend our heartfelt congratulations to those successful Republicans, C. C. Melvin, the new county treasurer; B. F. Star-sky, protho-tary; H. M. Choate, recorder; John B. Eastman, register; Frank R. Oster, clerk of courts; Thomas B. Vilson, district attorney; Albert B. Anderson, county commissioner; E. I. Sherman, coroner; A. A. Abbey and E. Abbot, county auditors. And we also congratulate the successful Demo-crats, M. C. Bain, sheriff; A. R. Cory, county commissioner, and Frank A. Lurlock, county auditor. Under the direction of these officials the county should be well governed for the next four years.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
The first report of a deer stalker setting "back again" and, mistaking a tree, fellow hunters, banged away, resulting in the death of two of the ten and the serious wounding of the third, comes from Mays Landing, N.J. Usually such deplorable mistakes occur in the pine woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota and it has been com-uted that during the deer hunting season more lives are destroyed through carelessness in handling guns than the two states mentioned than deer are slain.

However, the killing of two hunters and the wounding of a third in Jersey seems utterly inexcusable occurring according to report, in a practically open road. Soon after daybreak, the sport states, the three sportsmen separated from their party, and were taking down a by-road to take stands, when suddenly another hunter walked in the road, and, thinking the trio to be deer, blazed away. Result three men fell their length in the road, buck-let entering the backs of two, while the third received severe wounds in the legs.

Secretary J. F. Ellison of the Na-tional Rivers and Harbors Congress, who was in Washington this week making the preliminary arrangements for the eighth annual convention of the Congress, which meets at the Law Willard Dec. 6, 7, 8, regards the forthcoming sessions as the most im-portant in the history of the move-ment for improved waterways.

"Not in twenty years has there been so many new faces in the lower House of the National Legislature as are in this, the 62nd Congress," said Captain Ellison. "These legislators will be called upon to pass a waterway budget and it is therefore highly necessary that they have an intelligent grasp of this very important subject. My understanding is that the edict has gone forth from the leaders of the major-ity to cut everything 'to the bone' which, if it is followed literally, might seriously jeopardize the passage of a river and harbor bill. It there-fore behooves the friends of water-ways throughout the country to attend the coming convention of the Nation-al Rivers and Harbors Congress and to show our lawmakers that the old piece-meal policy of making appropri-ations for the improvement of our riv-ers and harbors and canals is a thing of the past. That in its stead has come a better and wiser policy of mak-ing annual appropriations which is in the interest of economy and efficien-cy. In my judgment the coming con-vention will be the largest and most enthusiastic we have ever held."

"The old order changeth giving place to the new," and aptly enough these lines were uttered from a barge. The flavor that has long clung to them "who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," has almost vanished away, as witness that greatest armada our country has ever seen parading before the com-mander-in-chief of the navy a day or so ago in the waters of the Hudson and New-York bay.

The odor of tar and okum is van-quished by the smell of oil fuel and coal gas; shrouds and rigging have given place to steam derricks and wireless installations, the reorganiza-tion of the navy under Secretary Mey-er being based upon this assumption. At the heart of the new and increas-ing efficiency of the service is the ex-press recognition of the fact that the sailor is no longer a sailor but as the Secretary has called him, "a fighting machinist." His officers are mechan-ical engineers and the navy itself is a great military machine shop.

On board the modern battleship one-third of the crew are firemen and coal passers and the remaining two-thirds are not sailors, though listed as "sea-men." Their duties are in various special branches of applied mechanics. As electricians, chemists, engine-room men and as the operators of modern ordnance they have lost a sailor's intimate association with the sea, though their business is still upon the face of the great waters.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

What Was Done From Thursday Morn-ing Till the End of Session.

Thursday Morning.
Rev. J. W. McGovern of the M. E. church of Smethport, conducted the devotional exercises on Thursday morning.
Dr. Pearson gave a plain practical talk on Literature and told the story of Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The central thought of his talk was the necessity for reading with the feel-ings, the imagination, the intellect, all awake. It is a mighty poor book that will not be worth a second or a third reading. The lack of moral courage is a great fault in a man.

Dr. Ellis, the next speaker, spoke on the life of Christopher Dock. The teachers of the county perhaps for the first time heard to-day any-thing of the life work of this great Pennsylvania teacher, the author of the first book on pedagogy ever pub-lished in America. Christopher Dock was a little Dutch schoolmaster in the vicinity of Philadelphia, who spent more than forty years of his life in teaching for the good of the children of Pennsylvania and for the glory of God. The copy for his book "Der Schuyt Ordinal" was given to the printer, Christopher Sower, in 1749, with the understanding that it was not to be published during the author's life for fear he himself should take glory from his work. The book was published twenty years later. Those who need proof that the nature of childhood is the same today as it was then need only to read the book. For Father Dock dealt with the same vices and virtues in his pupils that we deal with to-day.

The high school teachers were ad-dressed by Miss Patten on High School English. Miss Patten believes that pupils need to be given a wide yet connected and related study of the literature of the world by the study of the History of Literature. This should begin in the form of talks and stories in the grades and carried on throughout the course.

Teach Literature by means of vocal interpretation. The teacher should read much with her pupils and should direct their reading in and outside of school. Use method in your reading. Like most of us, Miss Patten believes that the production of one play each year with great cost in time and dis-play by the high school is a waste of time and often an injury to the work of the school.

Prof. Bennett continued his talk on writing and showed the teachers how to develop all the motions needed in teaching all the forms used in writ-

ing. This subject is properly read-ling the careful attention of the teach-ers and the effect of these talks will, we believe, be shown in the continu-ance of the improvement already seen in the writing in many of the schools of this county.

The attendance of the Directors of the county who are interested in high school work and of all high school teachers and principals is called to a meeting to be held at Port Allegany on Nov. 24 and 25, to meet Dr. Koch, one of our State High School commis-sioners.

Thursday Afternoon.

The court house was crowded at the opening of the session Thursday after-noon for it was announced that Miss Patten would read that much talked of drama, "The Blue Bird." Expectation was aroused and be assured no one was disappointed.

Miss Patten first gave a short his-tory of the drama and explained the characters and told the story, then read the play. It is a fine tribute to the ability of the reader to say that the play, stripped of its magnificent setting of costumes, scenery and music, held the closest attention of the large audience throughout.

Prof. Yoder, by request, sang "The Skipper," and was heartily encored.

Dr. Ellis spoke on the life and work of Mark Hopkins of whom James A. Garfield once said, "A log with Mark Hopkins on one end and myself on the other constitutes college enough for me."

Beginning at a time when there was little attention given to professional training, Mark Hopkins commenced his work as a teacher with at least two of the prime qualities of the suc-cessful teacher—tact and common sense. He showed by his early work that he also possessed many other at-tributes of a great teacher, among them being "vision," a sense of humor and vitality of teaching power. He was the first college professor to teach physiological psychology, and he in-structed his lectures with the aid of a graph.

Dr. Ellis pictured the scene at the inauguration of Garfield as President of the United States when President Hopkins of Williams College and a large group of the alumni came to con-gratulate an honored pupil and a re-spected brother alumnus, and quoted Garfield's reply to President Hopkins' address.

The committee on Local Institutes held a meeting on Tuesday evening and arranged for a series of local in-stitutes as follows:

Hamilton, Nov. 18; Annin-Liberty, Dec. 9; Foster, Dec. 16; Ceres, Jan. 13; Wetmore, Jan. 27; Hamlin, Feb. 10; Keating, Feb. 17; Lafayette, Low-Is Run, Bradford, Feb. 24; Norwich, Mar. 2; Eldred-Otto, Mar. 9; Sergeant, Mar. 16.

Thursday Evening.
The Hardy Brothers Quintet, the last entertainment of the Institute course, gave excellent satisfaction on Thursday evening. The company con-sists of five brothers, and they are certainly an interesting study aside from their remarkable musical ability. Each one of them seems to be per-fectly familiar with wind and stringed in-struments of every kind, and the readi-ness with which they changed instru-ments was a surprise to the audience. The concert was excellent.

Friday Morning.
Devotional exercises were conduct-ed by Rev. Father Dugan, of St. El-lizabeth's Catholic church of Smeth-port.

Dr. Pearson gave his last talk to the Institute on "The Tactful Teach-er." Tact is of two kinds. Tact of the head and tact of the heart. Dr. Pearson urged the great value of the latter and gave numerous instances from his experience to aid the teach-ers.

Miss Patten continued her work in English. Thought is aristocratic; feeling is democratic. Few of us do much serious thinking. What we feel we are. The secret of happiness lies in resignation to unhappiness. The feelings may be divided into senti-ment, emotion, passion. Normal healthful emotion is a feeling which broadens, and deepens, and quickens thought. Emotion uncontrolled is pas-sion. The difference between the man of culture and the man who is not cul-tured is largely a matter of control of the emotions. The great virtues are faith, hope and love, to which may be added enthusiasm and a sense of hu-mor. The three channels for the es-cape of the emotions are religion, art and literature. Nobody can lay claim to literary culture without a knowl-edge of the Bible.

Miss Patten emphasized the value of poetry, and urged teachers to in-terest pupils in poems. Urge pupils to read aloud in the home circle. The business of the teacher is not only to fill the demand but to create a demand for the best in literature.

In his good-bye to the teachers Dr. Ellis made one of the most inspiring talks of the week. His theme was "Good-bye, Take Care of Yourself." If the teachers of McKean county will sit down with note book and pencil in the quiet of their homes, and re-out-line and write the substance of that talk they will be well repaid for a whole week of attending Institute, and

if they will "take care" of themselves in the full sense of Dr. Ellis' meaning their lives will be worthy to "write across the heavens of child life."

The Institute as a whole was one of the strongest and best ever held in the county. The instructors were able, enthusiastic, and earnest workers and the arrangement of the program did great credit to Supt. Lillibridge. The central thought and key note of the Institute was the thing most important in our schools—English—and that sub-ject so necessary to give the teachers a connected grasp of the importance and advancement of their work—the History of Education.

Before adjournment at Friday noon Supt. Lillibridge announced the ap-pointment of Dr. D. W. Morrison of Mt. Jewett and Prof. Amidon of El-dred as vice-presidents of the McKean County Teachers' Association. Meet-ings of the Association will be held at Mt. Jewett and Eldred at dates to be announced later.

The Committee on Resolutions pre-sented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we, the teachers of Mc-Kean county, do consider that the forty-fifth session of our county In-stitute has been a highly successful one; and, whereas, we believe that matters of general educational advancement should be recognized by us, therefore be it resolved

First, That our heartfelt thanks be extended to Supt. Lillibridge for the excellent program he has provided, and for the pleasing manner in which he has conducted the sessions.

Second, That we appreciate the uni-formly high grade of instruction and entertainment in the work of Dr. C. C. Ellis, Dr. F. P. Pearson, Dr. J. W. Yoder, Miss Patten and Miss Wells.

Third, That we thank the minis-ters and people of Smethport for their kindly interest and encouragement in the cause of popular education.

Fourth, That we record our approv-al of the passage of the school code, and of the work in the hands of the State Board of Education toward a state course of study for the elemen-tary schools.

And Fifth, That we recommend to Supt. Lillibridge the consideration of the advisability of holding the county Institute during the week immedi-ately preceding the first Monday in Sep-tember.

H. C. AMIDON,
HELEN R. SCUDMER,
D. W. MORRISON.

The Directors' Association.
The meeting of the Directors' As-sociation was held on Wednesday and Thursday in connection with the In-stitute. The following program was carried out in full:

Wednesday.
10:00—President's address.
10:30—Benefits Derived from Town-ship Supervision, A. T. Larson.
2:00 p. m.—The State's Chief As-set, Dr. J. G. Becht.
3:00—The Tactful Teacher, Dr. F. B. Pearson.

Thursday.
10:00 a. m.—Instruction in Writing, Prof. M. E. Bennett.
10:45—Address to Directors, Dr. F. B. Pearson.
1:30 p. m.—"The Blue Bird," Cora Mel Patten.
3:10—Mark Hopkins, Dr. C. C. Ellis.

On Thursday L. G. Dana of Foster township made a report of his exper-ience as delegate to the State Direc-tors' Association which met at Harris-burg. The report was heard with in-terest.

On motion it was decided to ask the district boards to elect two of their members from each district as dele-gates to the State Association.

The following are the officers elect-ed for the Directors' Association for the ensuing year:

President, F. D. Gallup; vice-pres-idents, E. K. Kane, D. C. Young; treas-urer, John Clark; secretary, W. F. Specht; auditor, A. B. Crandall.

H. W. RUBIN
WE ARE AFTER THE MEN
You know us but come in and get ac-quainted with our good Suits and Over-coats. We please everybody because we stand back of everything we sell.
The best stuff for the least money at this store.
H. W. Rubin

COUGH SYRUP
Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained any-where. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to prescriptions.
Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to \$3.00 per oz.
WELLS DRUG STORE

PIANOS
IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO SELECT ONE FOR XMAS.
WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for Lester, Stulz, Bauer, Kram-ich, and Bach and other high grade PIANOS.
Victrolas from \$15.00 to \$200.
SCOTT & MADISON
SUCCESSORS TO
J. M. MULLIGAN
117 MAIN ST. BRADFORD, PA.

THE HUNTING SEASON
will soon be on, and the tramp, tramp of the seeker for game will be heard throughout the land. It is time for good, heavy, serviceable shoes. Have you your hunting footwear? If not, come here to our store, and let us show the best shoes for hunting and all-around wear you ever saw. You can't wear 'em out.
ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
SMETHPORT, PA.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING
in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)
Smethport Inner Tubes are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETH-PORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.
A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
—Write us for Prices—
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

The Lindholm Company

The Store of Quality Low Price.

A New Line of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Sweaters. Teddy bear Blankets, in blue and pink just the thing for Baby carriages.

New outing Flannels and fancy Flannels in many new patterns.

Eider down yarns in all shades for the Aviator Co. per skein 18c

AUTO SCARFS—A new line in pink, blue, laven and white.



The Ardath, we believe, the longest and best \$1.00 corset on the market. It is carefully and expertly designed—made of good cloth with durable, pliable boning.

Every detail represents a higher standard of quality than has ever heretofore been attempted in a corset at this price.

The hose supporters are 1 1/4 inches wide with lasting high-grade clasps.

CORSETS



This is another model for well developed figure. It is special feature is the band of corset, which reinforces the waist line and makes it practically unbreakable at this point.

Model is heavily boned, comparatively short in length. Front steel is reinforced with an inner steel giving it double strength. The boning is duplex and non-adjustable.

The Lindholm Co.

The Farmer Knows

Pittsburgh PERFECT

Electrically Welded

FENCE

can be trusted

"Pittsburgh Perfect"

Wire Fencing is best all through.

THE BEST WIRE The wire is drawn from a special quality of open hearth material—tough, pliable, strong, long lived like old-time iron wire. It is the finest fencing wire possible to manufacture.

Galvanizing Perfect Heavily galvanized by our own new and perfect process, the wire is positively moisture-proof. The fact that

All Stay Wires and Line Wires are Electrically Welded not only eliminates the weakening and moisture-gathering wraps, clamps and ties, but practically transforms the fence into one piece of perforated steel.

No Waste Wire There is no waste wire to make useless weight; instead, heavier wire is used and **all** the weight **NoWasteWeight** is fence. Stay wires being of the same size as line wires, the

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence is the Strongest in the World 73 Styles and sizes, adapted to every purpose—FIELD, FARM, RANCH LAWN, POULTRY. EVERY ROD GUARANTEED PERFECT.

Daly & Garlick
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 9, 1911.

—A. R. Cory got an excellent vote in Smethport last Tuesday.

—Hon. C. W. Stone of Warren, who has been ill for a long time, is still in a very serious condition.

—The election returns show that there are a great many independent voters in this county.

—Miss Irene McCarty entered the Homeopathic hospital at Buffalo on Friday for treatment.

—The quarantine was taken off Alex Cunningham's house in East Smethport last Friday.

—Mrs. James A. McKean, who was painfully burned about the face and arms two weeks ago, has fully recovered.

—The J. O. O. F. and the Citizens' bands serenaded the successful candidates, who reside in this borough, last evening.

—Judge Ormerod who has been seriously ill is now able to leave his room and to be about his home.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—A nine-year-old son of Wilbur DeGolla is ill with scarlet fever. Their home on Hilton avenue has been placed under strict quarantine.

—Mrs. J. S. McCarty and Miss Sophie Hattner of Clermont returned from Buffalo on Saturday last after spending a few days there.

—The Ladies' Aid Society will hold a "Cooked Food and Vegetable Sale" at the M. E. chapel on Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2 p. m. Luncheon will also be served during the afternoon.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Smethport Fire Department will be held at the hose house to-night. A large attendance is requested as business of importance will be transacted.

—Owing to the fact that another case of scarlet fever developed last Saturday the public schools were not opened last Monday. The time for re-opening the schools has not been definitely determined.

—Methodist Episcopal church, next Sunday, morning subject "I Saw No Temple Therein, or a Vision of the World To Be." Evening, "Joseph's Obstacles and Overcomings, or Through Struggle to Victory."

—A number of friends and relatives

of Mrs. James A. McKean gave that esteemed lady a surprise party last Tuesday evening it being her 70th birthday. Excellent refreshments were served and all had an enjoyable time.

—Last Friday evening Mrs. C. B. Dickinson entertained a young ladies at her home on Bank street in honor of Miss Beth Gallup of Buffalo. Cards were played and a delicious luncheon was served. A most delightful time is reported.

—John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrel of more than fifty people will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum on Friday, Nov. 17. A glance at the roster of this organization, together with Vogel's reputation for handling nothing but the best, precludes any possibility of an inferior performance.

—While out hunting last Tuesday Tom Cole had occasion to go to his cabin near the head of Beyer brook and was surprised to find that it had been burned to the ground. Mr. Cole had not been to the cabin before in two weeks and it was burned some time between these dates. The fire is evidently the work of an incendiary.

—It will be pleasing news to the many friends of Miss Laura Glavin and Floyd Nichols to learn that they were married at Olean, N. Y., Saturday, November 4, 1911. They will make their future home in this place and The Miner unites with a host of friends of both Mr. and Mrs. Nichols in wishing them their full share of happiness.

—Hertula is the name of the new town on Potato creek, between Colfax and Norwich, where the new saw mill is located. This town has several hundred inhabitants, seven or eight stores and the Lyric Theatre, where moving pictures are shown and dances given. It promises to be quite a rival of Norwich of the big woods.

—Weldon Gibson, a contractor of Coudersport, has been awarded the contract by the Boysses, Pulp and Paper company for the rebuilding of that portion of the mill destroyed by the recent flood at Austin. The work will be started at once. The mill will be the same as before, the same plans being used. The contractor will receive a percentage of the cost of construction.

—A new German lad is having the photograph of a fiance or dear friend affixed to the finger nail. It is easy to accomplish, and fashionable war-torn soldiers are having a good trade in finger-nail photographs. The practice originated with a cousin of the Kaiser, who had the photograph of her fiance reproduced in enamel on her finger-nail. That pleasant little caprice cost \$50 and, as it happened, started a fad.

—Dr. Donner Martenson, an employee of the Central Pennsylvania Lumber company who are opening near Clark's Mills, was killed yesterday afternoon in the woods while felling a tree. The unfortunate man did not get out of the way in time after the tree started to fall. He was seriously injured and only lived a short time. In fact he was dead when the tree was raised from his body, says yesterday's Kane Republican.

—Francis Jordan, an eleven-year-old boy of Ormsby, had his left thumb cut off at the first joint on Wednesday of last week. He was playing around a gas engine near his home when he got that member caught in some cog wheels, badly mutilating it. Dr. Hamilton was summoned and amputated the injured member and the little fellow is getting along nicely. He was in town yesterday morning and had the stump dressed.

—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of two-year-old Charles A. Ely, the son of Hiram Ely of Wild Cat, near York, Pa., for whom hundreds of searchers have been seeking since Oct. 15, was partly solved last Friday when gunners found the body in the hills, less than a mile from his home. There were no marks of violence. It is believed the boy was kidnapped and deserted by his abductors died of starvation.

—J. W. Lee, cashier of the Grange National bank, was stricken with facial paralysis last Monday evening. He was playing pool in the Heath billiard parlors when he was stricken and Dr. Robert Hamilton, who was playing the game with him, gave Mr. Lee medical attention at once and assisted him to his home over Wells' drug store where he has since been confined. Mr. Lee has a very severe stroke of facial paralysis but his many friends hope that he will soon recover and be as well as ever.

—Threatening to kidnap one of her children unless she pay \$3,000, Mrs. Philip Lorenz, wife of an employee of the Independent Gas Company, at Butler, Pa., received a letter signed "Black Hand" yesterday morning. The letter reads: "Pittsburg, Pa.—Unless you leave \$3,000 at 321 Grand Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., within the next ten days, one of your children will be kidnapped. (Signed) Black Hand." Mrs. Lorenz says she has no enemies that she knows of and does not know anyone in Pittsburg. The Lorenz family is considered prosperous, owning several pieces of valuable property.

—James T. Chisholm met with a painful accident last Friday afternoon which has laid him up since that time. He was doing some work in his dry cleaning department back of his house and when he attempted to put out a gasoline fire with what he supposed was a water-soaked rag. The rag happened to be soaked with gasoline instead and when he threw it on the flame it ignited and burned his hands and arms quite badly. There was about 25 gallons of gasoline in the building at the time, but he managed to get it out before it caught on fire. No damage of any consequence was done to the building or its contents. Mr. Chisholm is improving rapidly now.

—A horse which was bequeathed \$2,000 by a woman will have to pay his inheritance tax or be cited into a Chicago court as a member of the law-breaking faction of "the idle rich." The tax collector insists that the horse must pay the tax or go to jail, insisting with some logic that the horse is not a blood relative of the testator, says the Era.

BUSINESS BOOMING AT NORWICH.

Big Mill Running—Water and Sewage System Being Installed.

One of the busiest towns in the State of Pennsylvania to-day is Norwich, the bustling town located on the headquarters of Potato creek, twelve miles south of this place. The big Goodyear mill started to run steadily on Monday, employing about one hundred men and the new water works and the sewage system are being put in, which employ many more men.

The Goodyear mill, which is under the management of Harvey & Collins, well-known and experienced mill-wrights, started up on Wednesday, Nov. 1, and did a little sawing to try out the machinery. On Monday they started a regular running a day shift and they expect to saw about twenty feet of lumber per day, with the single shift. This mill as it is running now employs about one hundred men and when the other shift is put on it will employ double that number.

A water plant is being installed and a large force of men are employed in building a dam on one of the brooks in that vicinity and laying water pipe to all parts of the town. All the houses will be supplied with pure spring water and besides Norwich will have a good force of water for fire protection.

A sewage system, with a modern sewage disposal plant is being installed. The trunk sewer, which runs through the main part of the town, and the branches are well under way. The sewage disposal plant is being installed about half a mile below the town and is nearly completed and the Goodyears hope to have both the water works and the sewage system in full operation by the first of the year.

The forty new houses which were being built for the mill hands are most all completed. They are equipped with all modern conveniences, including bath rooms with hot and cold water and natural gas.

The Goodyear company has started drilling for gas. Two wells have already been drilled and both are said to be good gas wells. By next summer they expect to have sufficient gas to pipe the town and supply their plants and private consumers.

BODY OF FANNIE LENTZ FOUND.

She Had Evidently Drowned Herself in Pond Near Kane.

The Kane Republican of Saturday says: The body of Mrs. George Reynolds, who left the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lentz, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25th, shortly after dark, was discovered at noon to-day in the pump station pond. For the past two days Mr. Jones had noticed what he thought was a duck on the pond, but which must have been the body of the girl, the only portion of which was visible was her head. When discovered to-day the body had floated towards the intake pipe from the pond to the station which is only a few feet from the bank and when looked upon it was readily seen that what was thought to be a duck was the head of a person. Immediately after the ghastly find the chief of police here was notified, and he in company with others repaired to the scene and took the body from the water.

Coroner Sherman of Bradford was then notified, who gave permission to have the body removed to an undertaker's where it will be prepared for burial.

A Kane dispatch is as follows: At the second autopsy performed on the body of Mrs. Fanny Lentz Tuesday it was discovered that a mark on the girl's head, first thought to have been caused by water, was caused by a blow. Doctor Beattie, after examining the skull, testified that although hardly hard enough to cause the girl's death, it would have been sufficient to render her unconscious and, if thrown in the water in this condition, no water would be found in her lungs.

Advertise in The Miner.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns

Closet Shirts

FRY & COMES

THE STORE THAT SELLS "WOOLTEX"

CLUETT & MONARCH SHIRTS.

1-2 Price this Week.

We Offer the odd and ends of the shirt stock this week at half the regular price.

They are all of the famous Cluett and Monarch make and better shirts at the regular selling prices it is impossible to buy anywhere. There's about one hundred in the lot now—not the choicest of course—they sell fast enough at a profit—all of excellent material however, coat cut and made in the best possible way.

Choice of negligees as follows:—attached cuffs with collar bands; attached cuffs and detached laundered collars; attached soft collar and cuffs; and detached cuffs with collar band; a few stiff bosoms with detached cuffs.

All sizes, 14 to 17 1/2.

Regular price \$1.00 to \$2.00. Sale price 50c to \$1.00.

Come: It will pay you well.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, PA.

You Save

The price of a good pair of

WALK OVERS

When you Buy a

Frankel Fifteen

More real value in a **FRANKEL FIFTEEN** Suit or Overcoat, than you were ever offered for

MONHEIMERS'
THE WORKING
MAN'S STORE

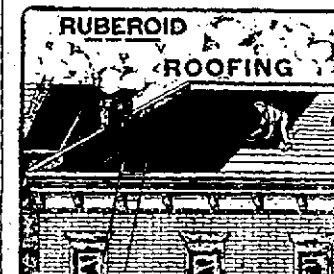


Four Cardinal Points
The

The Grocery Business
of
CLEANLINESS!
QUALITY! PRICE!
SERVICE.

You are Entitled to
Them,
We Observe them all!
F. W. Brownell,
PHONE 7.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate **RUBEROID** in four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GARAGE

Up-to-date; modern; fireproof.

NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged. Dealers in "E-M-F," "FLANDERS," "SELDEN" and "PEERLESS" Cars **FISK TIRES**

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St.,

Smethport, Pa.

THE TIN PEDDLER

He Was Chock Full of Romance

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Few persons are satisfied with their station in life or their occupation. I am an exception to that rule. I delight in my work, and yet I am only a tin peddler.

For heaven's sake, why are you satisfied to be a tin peddler?

For a paradoxical reason. I am full of idealism and romance. Ideally and romance in a tin peddler! Nonsense!

Yes, listen to me and I will prove to you that there can be romance even in a tin peddler. And because there is romance in me, I enjoy my work. It gives me opportunity to dream. For instance, I drive my peddling wagon along a road of a bright spring morning.

The air is laden with the fragrance of opening buds. The birds are chirping in the trees, ditting here and there, one carrying a bit of straw, another a string, another a horsehair with which to build their nests. They are chattering at each other just as persons would do who were building a house. White clouds are rolling along silently on the horizon. On my left forest trees rear their topmost branches as if reaching toward the blue sky, where a hawk is sailing. On my right and beneath me lies a lake. Around about the country is a patchwork of farms dotted with houses.

I was driving my wagon one evening in October, looking for a place in which to spend the night. The woods were ablaze with patches of yellow or scarlet. My eye was resting, as I supposed, on one of these, a deep red, but in another moment I saw that it was the setting sun shining on a winnowing machine. I drove on toward it and stopped at a little farmhouse beside the road.

Hitching my team to the post before the gate, I went to the door and knocked. There was no answer. Looking about, I saw no signs of life. I missed chickens scratching in the yard, children's playthings on the porch, the bark of a dog. The barn was closed and locked. The place was deserted. Finding a window where the curtains, not having been regularly drawn, left an opening through which I could look inside, I saw that the house was furnished. There were a center table, a little library of books, a lounge, while in a fireplace were andirons on which were logs ready to be kindled.

The twilight was deepening and if I went on I might be obliged to ride miles in the dark before finding another place to stop for the night. By breaking a pane of glass I could unlock a window, raise it and effect an entrance. It remained to be seen if I could put my team into the barn. I succeeded in both. Having stabled my horses and fed them—there was fodder at hand—I entered the house. Having lighted the fire on the hearth, I explored every room. The beds were "made," though they gave evidence of having remained so for a long while. There were provisions in the larder. Fortunately I carried my own lunch hamper. After finishing my explorations I brought some water from the well and, sitting before the crackling fire, ate my supper.

For a few while I sat and dreamed of those who had occupied this house, and why it had been deserted. The appearance was not that of having been left temporarily. It rather gave evidence of having been left a number of years before. Who were these people?

I've heard it said that there are certain families who from seeing a house can tell the animal of which it formed a part. So did I begin from my surroundings to form theories as to who had occupied this house. There were no children. There were a few men's and a few women's garments; therefore there must have been a married couple. On the wall among other pictures was one of those stiff photographs—ones seen in the country—and for that matter, among city folks—of a bridal couple. I inferred that it was a likeness of those who had occupied the premises. There were pictures of old and young persons, evidently the fathers and mothers of relatives of the bride and groom.

My first theory was that the house had been occupied by a young married couple; that one had died and the other had shut up the house just as it was and gone elsewhere. Secondly, I fancied that the couple who lived in it had quarreled and both left it to go away by different paths. Thirdly, noting the photograph of a sour looking old woman, I concluded that the family had been broken up by a mother-in-law. Rummaging in an old desk, I came upon a check book, figures on the stubs of which indicated that the bank account it represented was largely overdrawn. This led me to a fourth theory—that the occupants had suffered from financial difficulty and this was the cause of the house having been deserted.

How many other theories I might have formed had my notes not been interrupted. I don't know. The interruption was a tap on a windowpane behind me. Quickly turning, I looked to see the cause, but apparently there

was no cause. I was turned from my suppositions as to the former occupancy of the premises to wondering what had caused the tapping. I arose, went to the window, threw up the latch and, putting out my head, looked about me. Seeing nothing, I went back to my seat before the fire.

In a few minutes there came another tap. Turning again, I saw the cause. The flame on the hearth lighted up the face of a young girl.

Now, I maintain that there's nothing prettier on earth than a pretty girl, and when a handsome bachelor in a house by himself sees a pretty girl's face at his window, illuminated by a firelight, it's the prettiest sight he ever saw. At my rate, if a vista of heaven had been opened to me I couldn't have been more delighted.

I whirled my chair around and sat enraptured. The window was just high enough from the ground and the girl just tall enough to show her face, but not the rest of her body. She could see me fairly well by the light of the fire.

"Who are you," she asked, "and what are you doing here?"

"I'm a tin peddler, and I stopped here for overnight."

"Is that all? I thought you must be a robber."

"I suppose a robber would be more attractive to you than a tin peddler."

"Not a nice tin peddler."

There was some encouragement in this. But I was curious to find out about the house I was in.

"Where did you come from?" I asked.

"From just over a rise in the ground. Our place is hidden by trees. I saw smoke against the sky and came to the hill to find out what it came from. Since it was from this chimney I thought I'd come on and see who was in the house."

"I'm very glad to see you. I'm curious to know how the premises happened to be left as they are. I've been forming theories about it. Perhaps you can tell me which theory is correct."

"What are they?"

"That couple," pointing to the picture of a bride and groom, "had just been married and come to live here. Is that so?"

"No, another couple just married did."

"Well, one of that other couple did."

"No, they're both alive."

"They had a spat and separated."

"No such thing."

"Then they were separated by that crusty looking old woman whose picture hangs there. She was the mother-in-law of one of them."

"Not at all. She is my mother and perfectly lovely."

"One more guess. One of the other was extravagant and that broke them up."

"You're no guesser. None of those guesses is right."

"Well, tell me."

"My married sister lived here; that's all. Her husband's father died and left him a better farm. They had to go right off and left everything as it was. They've been trying to sell this one ever since."

"What do they ask for it?"

"I don't know, but I can find out if you want to buy it. Pa can tell you. You'd better come over to our house. We have a spare room."

Covering the fire, I went with the girl, met her father and mother and remained the night in the house. I apologized for breaking into the vacant place, which they said was under their care, and asked them what it was to be bought for. They named a fair price, and I told them they might write the owner that I would buy the property. Somewhat surprised, they asked why I wished that particular property.

"Because," I replied, "I am full of romance."

"What did you say your business was?" asked the old lady, who by whose picture I had judged her to be a mother-in-law.

"A tin peddler."

"Humph."

The girl who had discovered me laughed.

"And what are you going to do with it after you have bought it?" asked the old man.

"Live in it."

"But you're not married, are you?" put in the old woman.

"No, but I'm going to be."

I gave the girl a look, and she blushed. She was the only one present who suspected my intentions. The others had no conception of them.

The next morning before leaving I shook hands with them all, the girl's hand lying in mine longer than the others. I told them that I would be along that way again in a week and if they would have a deed for the farm and everything on it just as it stood I would give them a check for it. Then I went to the barn, got my team and drove away. The girl looked after me rather curiously, as if she could not believe her senses, for without speaking a word to her I had made her understand that I wished her to marry me and set up housekeeping with me in the vacant premises. This she knew, but whether I would carry out the proposition was another matter.

That day week I was on hand and found a deed made out just as I wanted it. I had a certified check for the amount with me, and the transaction was ended. Then I drove away again.

I went by and stopped with my new made friends quite regularly until that, saying nothing to the girl about what was nearest our hearts till one day when I was going again I saw a tear in her eye. Then I put my arm around her and kissed her and asked her to set a day for the wedding.

Who says there's no romance in a tin peddler?

MAYONNAISE.

The Way the Genuine Dressing is Prepared by French Cooks.

Housewives connect all sorts of dressings—cooked and uncooked—which they call mayonnaise, but which are not properly entitled to that name. The genuine mayonnaise as prepared by French cooks is made by combining olive oil, egg yolk and vinegar without cooking in such a way that the mixture will not curdle. The proportions of these ingredients and the method of putting them together may be varied, and mustard and similar seasonings may be added, but fundamentally the real mayonnaise is always the same. The following rule will be found a good one:

Have ready one egg yolk, one scant cupful of olive oil, three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of sugar, a fifth part of cayenne and a level teaspoonful of powdered mustard. Break the yolk with a fork, beat the mustard, salt, pepper and sugar into it and when a smooth mixture has been formed begin adding the oil drop by drop, until the whole begins to look like creamed butter. Then pour in the oil faster until all is used. While the oil is being added the dressing should be beaten constantly with a fork. Last of all, pour in the vinegar very slowly, beating the dressing rapidly while doing so. Set it on ice to stand until wanted and add to it the salt the last moment before serving.

It is well to have everything very cold when making this dressing, although excellent mayonnaise has been made without the use of ice, but the oil must not be so cold that it begins to thicken. It is sometimes stated that the drop by drop method is unnecessary, but while success may be obtained by putting the ingredients together more quickly it is always risky to do so. The drop by drop method practically insures success. If desired lime juice may be substituted for the vinegar.—Exchange.

FRENCH POLICEMEN.

They Can't Be "Fixed" and They Are Always Polite.

The laws of France relative to the out of door life of the masses are made in the interest of the people. Furthermore, they are enforced. There is no fixing things with a French policeman. If your bicycle has suddenly been twisted into junk by a careless driver the belted and brass buttoned gentleman who arrives on the scene questions you with intelligence and jot down in his notebook the facts of the occurrence as near as he can ascertain them. Throughout the interview he is polite, alert and painstaking, in getting at the exact truth, and, whether you or the offending driver or both accompany him to the police station, he conducts you with a quiet dignity and an air of fulfilling his duty. It does not make the slightest difference in France who you are or whether or not you have mutual friends or come from his "ward" or are a relative of Congressman So-and-so. If you are at fault you must pay the damages. If the other fellow is to blame you will be ushered from the presence of the commissaire de police with as much ceremonial politeness as would be shown at a diplomatic interview.

If it is boiling hot or freezing cold and you are in need of information, go to the nearest policeman, address him as "monsieur" and raise your hat. He will immediately return you a military salute, listen attentively and give you, as carefully as possible, the necessary information, saluting you again as you raise your hat to leave him.—F. Berkeley Smith, "Parisians Out of Doors."

Couldn't Fool Him.

Serving in the capacity of collector for a local bank is a colored man who spends his evenings playing in an Oakland band.

One of the clerks in the bank, knowing of the clerk's musical attainments, said to him, "Joe, I want to a vaudeville show last night, and one of the fellows there played 'Traumerei' great!"

Joe looked at him suspiciously for a moment and then said: "You tell that stuff to Bonny. You don't get me to bite, 'cause Ah knows they ain't no such instrument."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Simple Antidote to Poison.

It is a valuable thing to understand thoroughly what simple antidote to take if one is so unlucky as to swallow poison of any kind. Sweet oil is to be found in nearly every house, however humble, and half a pint of it taken immediately is an effective antidote to almost all poisons. Any one with a strong constitution should take a larger quantity of this simple remedy.—London Family Herald.

Household Debate.

"I could have done better than to marry you."

"You bring that question up at inopportune times, my dear. Suppose we place a regular weekly evening on the calendar, to be devoted to its discussion."—Pittsburg Post.

Sufficient Proof.

Lady—And you guarantee that the parrot talks quite a lot? Dealer—Rather. His last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgewise.—Fillegand Blatter.

Quite a Linguist.

"My husband speaks three languages fluently."

"English, French and German?"

"No. Baseball, golf and aviation."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Picked Out For Each Other

An Attempt at Matchmaking That Met With a Setback

By EDGAR MINTURN

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

In the autumn of 19— I received a note from Eileen Duncan, who had married my cousin, Charlie Duncan. Inviting me to their country place in the New Hampshire hills. "We are to entertain a house party," said Mrs. Duncan, "which will be incomplete without you. Charlie and I are so happy that we wish to confer a like happiness on you. A girl will be a member of your party whom we have picked out for you. We are not going to tell you which one of our guests she is, nor are we going to tell her who is the man we have picked out for her, though we have told her that such a man is to be present. We are going to leave you to find each other."

"Well, now," I said to myself, "I like that. Heaven protect me from those girls whom I am told I am expected to marry! But in this case there is an element of uncertainty. I am left free to choose, and the lady is as free as I. There's something of the game of 'hide and seek' in it. I'll attend the house party."

Charlie inherited a large fortune and owns one of those big tracts of land on which our rich Americans are setting up their country places. The house would easily accommodate fifty guests. On my arrival I found nearly that number assembled, three-quarters of them being young unmarried persons. I have no faith in woman's idea of justice or fairness and thought it more than likely that Eileen Duncan would give the girl for whom she had picked me out an advantage over me—at least a hint as to when she was "wired" or when she was "cold," as the children do in their hiding games—but Charlie said on his word of honor we should neither of us receive the slightest assistance in the matter.

I looked the women over, feeling sure that if my hosts had struck the right one for me I would know her at once. Whether or no I struck the girl they had decided upon, I certainly neglected one whose general appearance pleased me very much. She was a Miss Hester Adams. "One of the guests, John Crowell, was attentive to her, so that I did not at once get too much opportunity to devote myself to her."

And here was a point in this little game wherein I, a man, had an advantage. I could seek out the girl who had been chosen for me, while she must remain passive. On the other hand, she might remain hidden within herself, a corps of observation, watching the enemy's movements.

Within a week I found myself rivaling John Crowell and several other men for the favor of Hester Adams. She was by no means the most prominent young lady in the party, but any one with discernment could detect in her a certain worth which, after all, other things being equal, determines the real standing of both men and women. Crowell seemed to have the inside track, the rest of us standing about even, although I can remember, looking back to that far period, that I was not left without an occasional morsel of comfort.

But one afternoon a terrible gulf came up between Hester Adams and myself. We men were all roomed on the third floor, while the women were on the second. Going up to dress for dinner, I was obliged to pass Crowell's room. His door stood ajar, and, looking in, I saw a lady standing before the dresser. She took up a jeweled scarfpin and examined it. Her back was toward me, but I saw her face reflected in the mirror over the dresser. She was Hester Adams. Stealing the pin in her corsage where it would be hidden, she was turning when I, not wishing her to see me, went on to my room.

Of all the positions in which I have ever found myself this was surely the most singular, the most unpleasant. I had seen a guest, one in whom I was beginning to be interested, in the men's quarters steal jewelry. Whether she knew it or not I could not tell, but the man from whom she was pilfering was Crowell, who was devoted to her.

An hour later we assembled at dinner. Naturally I looked at Miss Adams. I failed to catch her eye, but I saw in it a troubled expression. During the dinner she seemed to be thinking of something else than what was said to her. Fearing to show a difference in my treatment of her, I did not address her while we were dining nor during the evening.

My secret weighed upon me. What surprised me was a certain disappointment I felt in Hester Adams. It convinced me that the little god had wounded me, though I had not known it. I brooded over the theft I had seen. Was it an effect of kleptomania? Surely the girl had no occasion to steal. I had noticed a frightened look on her face which indicated that she was cognizant of what she was doing. I wondered if she knew that she was in Crowell's room. I saw her going into her own room the next morning and noticed that it was directly under the one in which she had committed the theft. I had seen Crowell wear the scarfpin and watched to see if it had been returned to him, I fancying the thief might have done

so under qualms of conscience. But Crowell did not appear with it in his neckwear. I thought to ask him if he had mislaid it, but nothing could have induced me to give the slightest intimation of what I had seen.

Naturally this disagreeable feature of my visit marred my enjoyment and as for the game I had looked forward to playing with some interest, I forgot it entirely. One evening the hostess said to me:

"You have disappointed me in not having shown a preference for any of the girls of the party. To make the matter more interesting I am going to tell you that I noticed in her a decided preference for you as soon as you arrived."

"A preference for me?" I exclaimed surprised.

"Yes, for you?"

"What intimation did she give of the fact?"

"Don't you wish you knew?" and, tapping me playfully with her fan, she ran away to other guests.

During the rest of our stay at the Duncan's country place Hester Adams seemed always to have something on her mind. For a time she was sought by her admirers as before, but like seeks like, and the young men, finding her preoccupied and unenterprising, gradually drew away to more animated companions. I, too, with the secret on my mind, was moody and ill disposed to join in the gay sports our host provided for us. And shortly before the expiration of the term for which I had been invited I made an excuse to leave. Charlie drove me to the station and while we were waiting for the train said to me:

"Eileen is greatly disappointed at the failure of her effort to make a match for you."

"I'm sorry not to oblige her, but you know those things can't be forced. Possibly had I known the girl your wife picked out for me I might have done better."

"She's a splendid woman."

"I say, Charlie, since we've not mated and it's all over, suppose you tell me who she is?"

"Eileen would divorce me if I did."

"On my honor, she shall never know from me."

There was a whistle, and the train rolled on. Just as I was about to get aboard Charlie whispered in my ear:

"Hester Adams."

I hurried into the car and sank in my seat in a semi-stunned condition.

The little god likes startling things. Better a disagreeable episode than none at all. Some of the most violent loves have started with a quarrel. The secret I carried with me had kept Hester Adams in my mind to the exclusion of all others. Eileen Duncan had told me that the girl she had picked out for me had shown me a preference. And now comes Charlie and reveals her as the girl I had caught pilfering. Surely Cupid must have chuckled over such a complicated situation.

Charlie's information capped the climax. It revealed to me that the plan to mate me, so far as I was concerned, had been cynically successful, but a plan to marry me had resulted in a catastrophe. The happy issue in my case would be paradoxical—marriage with a thief.

Soon after the Duncans returned to the city I received a note from Eileen as follows:

A confession has been made to me concerning something that occurred during your recent visit to us. One of our guests—one I esteem very highly—has made me her confidant. I believe every word she says, and your and my friendship hereafter depends upon your believing her too.

I paused to remark that this was a very womanly statement. It confirmed my ideas of the inconsiderateness of the sex.

Please come over on Tuesday evening and hear what is due the lady that you should know.

To describe my feelings at this promised explanation of what I regarded inexplicable would be impossible. I counted the hours till Tuesday evening, then went to the Duncans. I was ushered into a drawing room, where stood a single person. That person was Hester Adams. She seemed to have lost twenty pounds since I had last seen her. I bowed deferentially, and without seating herself or asking me to be seated she said:

"During my visit at the Duncans one day I went upstairs, so wrapped in something of which I was thinking that I passed over two flights of stairs instead of one and entered the room directly over mine. Advancing to the dresser, still thinking of what was on my mind, I picked up a scarfpin. At that moment my reverie was broken by a footstep in the hall, and in the glass before me I saw you."

"Saw me?" I interrupted.

"It flashed upon me that I was in a man's apartment. I have since seen how unwise I was not to come out and take the consequences. I feared not to be believed. It seemed to me that I must bear the imputation of having gone to a man's room for a purpose. I preferred that purpose to be considered theft. I put the scarfpin I had inadvertently taken up in my corsage and turned slowly enough to enable you to pass on without our meeting."

"I have been a fool," I exclaimed, "not to have known that you could see my reflection as well as I could see yours. It is I who have been to blame, not you. I should have been chivalrous enough to attribute your presence in that room to a mistake. Had I known that you saw me I should have certainly assured you of my perfect confidence in your innocence."

And so it was that my friend's effort in my behalf, notwithstanding my folly, turned out to my advantage. They were much pleased at its ultimate success, and I was made happy in the wife they had placed in my way.



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PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Orta Gleason was an Glen visitor Friday.

Edwin Kuhn passed Sunday with Buffalo friends.

Guy D. Mayo had business in Bradford on Monday.

Carl Hector left Saturday for Buffalo for medical treatment.

Miss Mollie King was a Bradford visitor the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mrs. Floyd Nichols is the guest of relatives and friends at Coudersport.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hungville of Rixford were visitors in town on Tuesday.

Misses Marie Purdie and Leona Horgan were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Frederick Specht was home from State College from Saturday until Tuesday.

Peter McCabe of Oil City was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Ellen McCabe, last week.

Mrs. H. W. Roeder was the guest of her son, Elmer Roeder and family, at Austin over Sunday.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and daughter of St. Marys were visitors in town last Friday and Saturday.

Samuel E. Bell left last night on a business mission to Texas. Mr. Bell has some very good oil property in that field.

Mrs. and Mrs. George Logue of Coraopolis, Pa., were here on Tuesday to attend the funeral of her brother, Peter McNally.

Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Ruffalo at Youngstown, Ohio, returned home Monday.

Mrs. D. H. Dunbar who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, left for her home at Oil City, Monday, accompanied by her grandson.

Miss Emma Freeman and Miss Orta Gleason are spending the week in Philadelphia, the guests of their sisters, Miss Vera Freeman and Miss Mildred Gleason.

Mrs. G. W. King returned home last Saturday from a visit to Allentown, where she attended the graduation exercises of the trained nurses of whom her daughter, Miss Roxie, is a member. Miss King returned home with her mother.

Miss Lydia Gustafson of Southport, Pa., returned home today after a two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gustafson, 227 Allen street. A Halloween party was given in her honor Tuesday evening by Mrs. Gustafson.—Jamestown Journal.

Frank Bloomster who is drilling at Marlinton, Pa., and has been visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity for the past two weeks, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday afternoon, leaving on the 5:10 train for the above mentioned place. Mr. Bloomster says they are getting good wells down there and that a good deal of drilling is being done.

RABBITS AND MICE INJURING TREES.

Much injury is annually caused by mice and rabbits which eat the bark from the trunks of young fruit trees in the orchards of the state during the time snow covers the ground in winter. The following letter from Prof. Surface, Economic Zoologist, to a correspondent on this subject, may be found of use to others:

"Replying to your letter asking for information concerning the best way to put on your trees to protect them from mice and rabbits, I can say that there is nothing better than the lime-sulfur solution, boiled with the sediment in it, and applied with a brush, or with a spray pump by removing the nozzle from the end of the extension rod, and forcing the liquid out in a jet directly over the trunk of the tree. For this purpose I prefer the old-fashioned 17-22-50, home-boiled formula, because of the sediment that is thus left, and which becomes important for protection. By this formula I mean, boiling one hour, seventeen pounds of sulfur and twenty-two of lime, in enough water to boil it, and afterwards adding water to make fifty gallons. This as a spray formula has been abandoned for the Cordley formula for making concentrated lime-sulfur solution.

"The concentrated formula consists of boiling two pounds of finely divided sulfur of any commercial kind with one pound of good fresh quick lime of any kind, for one hour, in one gallon of water. This is to be strained and stored as long as desired, and when used, add seven times its bulk of water. The advantage of the new formula is the absence of sediment, and that it can be stored without crystallization.

"In treating your trees to prevent mice and rabbits you need the sediment present, but the old formula should be used at once after making it. With the new formula it can be stored as long as you wish.

"I proved three years ago that trees could be protected from borers, mice and rabbits by painting, washing or spraying them twice per year, viz., the first of June and the first of De-

cember or January, with this material. If it should wash off the trunks of the trees, so that there will be evidence of mice or rabbits attacking them during the winter, make another application at once. In fact, almost any combination of lime and sulfur boiled together for a short time, applied to the trees, will prevent injury by mice and rabbits, and will destroy such insects and disease germs as it touches, and will not injure the trees. "It is not necessary to add carbolic acid. I have tried this. The acid may injure the tree, although it does not always do so. It evaporates very quickly. I smelled the odor of it throughout my orchard as a very strong odor for two or three days, and then it was gone. We need something that is more permanent than this. Remember that for the tree borer it can be applied just before it lays its eggs, which is generally in June."

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

MOVING PICTURES

Ingenious Methods of Producing Startling Effects.

TRICKS OF THE CAMERA MEN.

Expedients by Which Puzzling Situations and Incidents That Seem to Contradict the Laws of Nature Are Recorded on the Finished Film.

The ingenuity of man is exercised to a wonderful degree in the creation of novel and seemingly impossible situations and episodes for production in the moving picture shows, and audiences are often bewildered in trying to decide how the curious effects, which at times seem to contradict the laws of nature, are secured. Yet, like the conjurer's tricks, it is all very simple when the veil is lifted.

There are some scenes depicted which, while amazing enough in their way, do not puzzle the critical beholder in solving the ways and means of their making. There are the railroad accident, obtained by means of children's toys; the warships and the aeroplanes, which are also photographs of playthings; the burglar in his unheard of performance of climbing the front of a house, and last, but not least—the man clinging to the ceiling of a room. The pictures explain themselves.

But when we see a man jumping out of a fourth story window, see him fall fifty feet to the ground and then get up and run away unharmed, we ask, How is this possible? The origin of the picture is very simple. The fugitive jumps out of a low window in the studio, which is fitted up in the style of the desired room. Then the photographing process is interrupted. The next picture is taken in the street in front of a real house. A life sized puppet is dropped from one of the windows. When it has reached the ground the machine stops, the actor puts himself in the place of the figure, the reel is started again, the man gets up and runs away.

In like manner auto accidents and similar episodes are arranged.

Another impossibility—a man swims through a river and on the other side he climbs a ten foot wall without difficulty. Origin of the pictures: The man is photographed sliding from the wall into the water, but in taking the picture the reel is turned wrong way, so the motion is reversed when the picture is reeled off in the right direction.

The last obstacle in representing the seemingly impossible was cleared away when some clever mind conceived the idea of stopping the photographing process, not after a series of pictures, but after each single picture or after each two or three of them. The work involved was enormous, as eighteen pictures are taken every second—that is to say, about 50,000 pictures are required for a reel, which is to amuse the public only ten minutes. But human perseverance has accomplished the task, and the results obtained are extraordinary. The following examples will prove it.

A pile of small stones is put on a black table, and the apparatus is fastened vertically above the stones. Then a short turn of the crank, and a few identical pictures of the stone pile are taken. One of the stones is then removed from the pile; another short turn, which gives two or three pictures showing the first stone separate from the pile. The process is repeated until the stones laid aside by hand show the writing, "Good Night!" The finished film does not show the hand that removed one stone after another, but creates the impression that the stones arrange themselves in the form of magic writing.

Instead of the stones, a lump of clay may be placed on the table and some kind of a figure is gradually modeled from it by hand; but, this hand being invisible, it seems as if the figure formed itself.

In the same way a bering can gradually be sent back into the tin can from which it was taken.—Gartenlaube, Leipzig.

A FRENCH CALENDAR.

The One That Was Adopted During the Revolution.

In the French revolution the national convention adopted a new calendar containing twelve months of thirty days each. The five days in the year thus left were disposed of by making them "festivals." The months were named not January, February, etc., but Vendemiaire, Brumaire, Germinal, Nivosa, Pluviose, Ventose, Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor and Fructidor.

Each of these names had a meaning. Instead of naming a month meaninglessly after a heathen god, as we name January after Janus and March after Mars, the names represented the special characteristics of the month. Fructidor, for instance, which included part of what we call September, means "the fruit month." Germinal, the first of the spring months, running from the last of March to the middle of April, means "the month of buds," and Floreal, which follows it, the "dewery" or "dewfall" month.

Thermidor, which means the "hot month," is the month which under the republican calendar included part of July and part of August. The political significance of the word arises from the fact that the revolution which overthrew Robespierre and ended the reign of terror occurred on the 9th of the month of Thermidor, or, as we should say, July 27, 1794. It was called "the revolution of Thermidor," as we speak of "the September massacres," and the revolutionists were nicknamed "Thermidorians." The inventor of the calendar was Robespierre.—New York Times.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Their History Rich in Events of Consequence to the Nation.

The south is especially rich in points of historic consequence, remarks a writer in Leslie's Weekly. At the outset Virginia was the most populous as well as the most powerful of all the states. As "the mother of presidents" she practically gave the law to the country from the accession of Washington in 1789 to the retirement of Monroe in 1825, except during the four years of John Adams in the presidency. In the next third of a century, with its Hayne, Calhoun, McDuffie and other statesmen of large influence, South Carolina was the center of events in the nation. Texas, with its boundary dispute with Mexico, precipitated the war between the latter and the United States, in which by conquest and purchase we obtained Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. The necessity for the control of the mouth of the Mississippi led to the negotiation with France which resulted in the annexation of the province of Louisiana, by which the area of the United States was doubled and all subsequent acquisitions of territory were rendered inevitable. Florida saw the earliest white settlements which were planted anywhere in the present United States. In the Wauhatchie colony in Tennessee self government made its advent west of the Alleghenies.

Right Handed Parrots.

Past the parrot cages walked the bird fancier, poking "an inquisitive finger at the birds."

"I am looking for a right handed parrot," he said, "but there doesn't seem to be one in this lot. Most parrots are left handed. Training, not nature, made them so."

"Their owners are right handed and when putting out a finger for the bird to stand on it is most convenient for him to step up with the left foot. In a little while that left handed action becomes second nature and he doesn't know how to use his right foot first."

"The only right handed parrots have belonged to left handed persons. In their training the order was reversed. The left finger was extended for a perch and the bird naturally grasped it with his right foot."—New York Sun.

The Sign on the Bottle.

Maggie is a willing but rather stupid domestic in a Chicago family. She suffered from toothache for some time, and the crescent that had been prescribed proving ineffectual, her mistress procured another remedy at the drug store. Thinking to impress the girl with the necessity of being careful in the use of it, she said: "Now, Maggie, do you see the skull and crossbones on this label? Do you know what they mean?"

"Yes, ma'am," Maggie promptly replied; "they mean that the medicine is good for the teeth."

A Harder Task.

"I can twist my husband around my little finger," said the Circassian beauty.

"That's all right," replied the fat lady, "but if you had married the ossified man instead of the contortionist you'd find him a harder customer to deal with."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Secret Elopement.

He—We had best elope about 2 in the morning. I will bring my motor to the next corner, and—She—Oh, couldn't you make it a little earlier, dear? Pa and ma do so want to see us off, and I don't like to keep them up so late.

Her Added Weight.

Mrs. Benham—I am getting stouter all the time. Mr. Benham—Yes; when I got married I little realized that I was getting a wife on the installment plan!"

Find the place where God wants you, and when you have found it burn to the rest.—Hastings.

A DEAL IN STAMPS.

The Watchful Man Insisted on His Rights and Got Left.

The man who keeps a watchful eye on the federal government bought five postage stamps. The drug store cashier laid them down, picture side up, whereupon the customer confounded her with his knowledge of the government. He unfolded a newspaper and pointed to a headline:

"Stamps must be delivered gummy side up."

"See that?" said he. "By laying down stamps the way you did you are loading me up with germs. This window sill may be alive with germs. They will stick to the gum on the stamps, and I shall carry them home and lick them off and maybe be laid up with a spell of sickness."

The girl gave the stamps another little push, and he shoved them back.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Take these stamps back," he said, "and lay out five more gummy side up as the government directs."

She obeyed. He folded the slip, still gum side up, and put it in his pocket. He went home and wrote letters till bedtime and prepared to stick on the stamps. Then he said, "Hang that girl!"

The drug store cashier had given him one cent stamps.—New York Times.

A FASCINATING SPORT.

The Hold Aviation Takes on Those Who Have Ever Tried It.

Flying is a sport that truly exemplifies one of the greatest Darwinian theories. Only the fittest survive. It taxes one's physical resources. It makes tremendous demands upon one's nervous assets. It sharpens one's intellect. It develops one's faculty of judgment. It demands the very best a man of the best type can bring to it. The better the man, the better the aviation sportsman. For this very reason the sport has attracted men of the finest type that have ever indulged in sport. It is for this very reason that the world has been amazed at the high intellectual type of human that has embarked in this activity. For this reason I call it the kindest of sports.

No one who has ever flown in an aeroplane can be induced to abandon it utterly. The craving to fly will survive with the man who has thrilled in response to the sensation of driving his own craft. The strange, wild, almost unnamable exhilaration of rushing through the air like a bird cannot be put into words by a clumsy architect of sentences like the present writer. It takes a poet like D'Annunzio to tell the story properly.—Clifford B. Harmon in Country Life in America.

Horses For Weddings.

An old fashioned man who wished to hire a team for the afternoon saw a nice pair of bays which he thought he would like to drive.

"Can't you have them," said the liveryman. "They are wedding horses."

"What's that?" asked the innocent pleasure seeker.

"Horses that won't shy at old shoes and showers of rice. Some horses seem prejudiced against matrimony. Anyhow, they lose their temper if they happen to be hit by any of the good luck emblems that are fired after a bridal couple and run away if they get half a chance. Every livery stable, however, keeps two or more horses who take a more cheerful view of the wedded state. Those bays are that kind. They are slated to head a wedding procession for tonight and are resting up for the job."—New York Times.

Lost Worse Baffled.

Mrs. Jones came downstairs one evening after dinner and displayed herself to her husband, embellished with the result of her all day skirmishing in the milliners' shops.

"John," she asked, "how do you like this hat on me?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "Have you bought it?"

"No, not exactly. I brought it home on approval. I intend to take either this or another one, which is \$5 more than this, but I thought—"

"Say, Florence," he interrupted, "that's the most becoming hat I ever saw you have on. Telephone to them first thing in the morning that you'll take it, so as to make sure they'll not sell it to anybody else."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Want to Impose.

An Irishman was walking along a dusty road with a bag on his back when he was overtaken by a cart the driver of which offered him a lift. "Thanks," said the Irishman. He got in, but did not take the bag off his back. "Won't you put down your bag, sir?" asked the driver. "Well," said the Irishman, "I don't like to impose on your good nature. You are giving me a ride, but I will carry the bag."

Came Out Strong at the End.

Chippy—I was not at all up to the mark last night; tried to say something agreeable, but couldn't do it somehow, so at last I bade them goodby. Jones—Ah, then you did manage to say something agreeable after all.—London Stray Stories.

Boring Wells.

The art of boring wells was practiced in the east more than 4,000 years ago. Abraham's servant encountered Rebekah at a well in 1859 B. C.

The wise prove the foolish confess by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT.

Early Methods That Paved the Way to National Conventions.

History records that George Washington was chosen president of the United States without first having been nominated and even without an opposing candidate. So was his successor in office, John Adams. In the language of the street the presidency was in the case of each of these distinguished patriots "handed to him on a silver platter." The presidency went, as it were, by common consent to the founders of the republic, to whom a grateful people looked for continued service and guidance.

In the early days presidential choosing, according to the primitive way, was as simple compared to modern methods as a kindergarten exercise beside a course in four dimension mathematics. Since then the changes, though gradual, have been marked and have led up to our present complicated convention nominations that make the electoral college but a mechanical device for registering the popular decision as between rival party organizations. It was the Duke that almost installed Aaron Burr as president instead of Thomas Jefferson that forced the initial modifications of the plan of presidential choosing agreed upon by the framers of the constitution.

Originally members of the electoral college were to vote for two persons, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be president and the next highest to be vice president. The danger of a succession that would pull the political lever each time from one side to the other made imperative the change by which the electors should vote for only one person for president and for another for vice president. Two or three object lessons, too, of irresponsible and haphazard action by the electoral college, throwing the choice of president to the house or of vice president to the senate, because no one had a majority of the votes cast, showed the necessity of centering the efforts of the newly aligned political parties each on a single presidential ticket and of imposing on the members of the electoral college a moral obligation to cast their ballots uniformly for the nominees of the party which had elected them.

The forerunner of our national nominating convention was the caucus or conference of members of congress of the same political faith who got together on their own initiative and without any mandate from their constituents assumed to advise as to who, in their judgment, was entitled to be recognized as the party standard bearer. This caucus must necessarily have proved to be too crude and unsatisfactory to serve long as the president choosing machinery. In such an assemblage only those states and districts represented in congress by members of one and the same political party had a voice, and all the others were left without representation. It was to remedy these defects and to enable the rank and file of the parties, wherever they might be, to exercise at least a nominal control of the presidential nomination that the national convention, meeting every four years, came to be evolved as we know it.—Victor Rosewater in American Review of Reviews.

Davy Crockett at the Play.

John Quincy Adams used to occasionally attend the theater, and he was especially pleased with Hackett as Falstaff. When Mr. Hackett had a benefit it was announced that at the particular request of Colonel David Crockett of Tennessee the comedian would appear in the play called "The Kentuckian." This brought out a house full to overflowing. At 7 o'clock the colonel was escorted by the manager through the crowd to a front seat reserved for him. After a short time the curtain rose, and Hackett appeared in hunting costume, bowed to the audience, and then to Colonel Crockett. The compliment was reciprocated by the colonel, and then the play went on.—From "Perry's Reminiscences."

To Star and to Starve.

Charles Mathews, the English actor, once went to perform at Wakefield, where, owing to the depressed state of trade, the drama received no support. He was afterward asked how much money he had made at Wakefield and replied, "Not a shilling." "Not a shilling?" repeated his questioner. "Why, I thought you went there to star." "So I did," replied Mathews. "But they spell it with a 're' in Wakefield."

But It Didn't.

"When the officials visited the prison a convict knocked against the governor accidentally, and what do you think the man said?"

"What?"

"He said, 'Pardon me.' And the governor answered, 'That lets you out.'"

Baltimore American.

There's nothing half so good as laughing. Never sigh when you can sing.—Mackworth Praed.



Stung Again.

"Here, drink this!" said the great detective, and after his trembling visitor had drunk that he ceased trembling and began to shiver.

"Every night," he gasped, "at exactly 11:34, I hear the voice, 'Beware!' It says to me, 'Beware!'"

"Be where?" asked the great detective, "or beware?"

"Beware," replied the shivering man. "That's important," commented the great detective.

"It can't be human," continued the shivering man, "because every door and window is locked and not a soul is in the room except my own."

"Strike at the voice with a club tonight," said the great detective, at a moment's reflection, "and telegraph me the result."

At 11:32 that night the great detective received the following telegram: "Have killed the mosquito."—Philadelphia Times.

Modern Nature Law.

To write of the wonders of nature is now the acceptable dodge. To trace the Kennock's nomenclature and learn where the Lorises lodge. To set forth the habits of rabbits. To sum up the porcupine's spines. To mention the uses of mooses and gooses. And tell how the ocelot dines.

To teach us to know the gorilla. And how to tell Hamus from lambs. About what to chin the chinilla. And how best to entertain clams. To post us on pions and wilcoons. And tell how to make beavers beave. Or how to inveigle an eagle or boogie. His highest and best to achieve.

To state all the traits of the wombat. To show why the kouan and vole. Are always engaged in a combat. These stories I swallow down whole. But still with two questions I wrangle. And help will not come at my call—Why an anglerworm hasn't an angle. And a mongoose is no goose at all.—Harper's Weekly.

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